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THE AMERICAN

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AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

THE CITY.

Buildings—Shops—Vehicles—City Population—Bank of England—Stock Exchange—Royal Exchange—Lloyd's.

HAVING seen St. Paul's Church with the attention that it merited, I set forward to complete my unfinished ramble city-ward. Making the half circuit of the cathedral, I entered Cheapside, which continues the thoroughfare from Holborn and Fleet-street to the Bank. On the right, at no great distance, stands the celebrated church of St. Mary-le-Bow. Though

built by Sir Christopher Wren, it has no beauty; and is not a little disfigured by a huge clock, projecting from the tower forward into the street, like a sign from a village inn. It exhibits the hour up and down the street as far as the atmosphere will permit the eye to distinguish, and no doubt tends, by its friendly admonition, to stimulate the impatience of the busy throng who urge forward in either direction. Bow Church is esteemed the very focus of the City. The man who is born within the sound of its bells may claim to be a genuine citizen; and if he have never been beyond the reach of the same radius, he is a cockney indeed, in whom there is no guile.

Many of the buildings here seemed more ancient than any I had yet seen in London; and, in looking down some of the courts and passages, there were others in which this appearance of antiquity was still more striking. Every thing spoke of trade and its triumphs. Each

house was a shop of some sort. Here, as in all other parts of the town, the stalls of the butchers, and the sellers of whatever is connected with the sustenance of the teeming population, were intermingled with the other shops. I was struck, —as I had repeatedly been in my walk through the Strand—with the extreme neatness of the fishmongers' stands: they were often beautifully fitted, having large, white, cool-looking marble slabs to expose the fish on. This is a great business in London; for these fishmongers not only support the capital, but also most of the provincial towns, to the distance of a hundred miles or more, and sometimes even those that are situated on the coast. I was afterward assured at Brighton, that most of the fish consumed there is drawn from London. It is the great market towards which every thing directs itself, secure of an instant purchase and a regular price. Besides, many of the fishermen have standing contracts to supply all that they take

to particular fishmongers; many of whom have, indeed, large fortunes, the fruits of a life of assiduous industry.

The press in Cheapside was far greater than in the Strand, for Holborn had also poured in ts tribute of vehicles and pedestrians. Enormous carts and waggons, drawn by horses of corresponding bulk, piled high with merchandize, and covered with the black and dismal-looking pall of a huge tarpaulin, were intermingled with ponderous brewers' carts, with elephant-like horses, whose size, already preposterous, was rendered more so by the contrast of donkey or dog-carts immediately beside them. There were also abundance of stage-coaches, cabs, and omnibuses, and throngs of the private equipages of the more rich. Many of these were elegant; but, in general, they were inferior in appearance to those I had seen in Westminster. Sometimes the coachman and horses had equally a fat, coarse, and ill-bred look, and the clumsy

and ponderous carriages were often ornamented in a preposterous taste, having coats of arms of portentous dimensions, covering a whole panel. Some horsemen were followed by their grooms, who not unfrequently were loutish-looking fellows, bedizened with glaring livery, and with a want of completeness in their costume, as if they had been taken suddenly from household or other duties, and were unequipped for equestrian operations, and not at home in the saddle.

Many citizens rode in tilburies, with their servants beside them; others got over the ground more modestly in gigs, drawn by pony horses, and often having very low wheels, to accommodate them to the stature of a donkey. This seemed to me the next step to not riding at all. I noticed that, notwithstanding the moist and rainy character of the climate, few of the gigs had heads; whereas with us, where it seldom rains, and, when it does, not suddenly, and without warning or note of preparation,

almost all the vehicles of luxury are provided with this protection from the weather. I found afterward, that English people delight to be in the open air, and have a horror of being shut up. Perhaps this is a taste which they imbibe in infancy and childhood, from being accustomed, in all weathers, to take exercise out of doors, and to brave the elements. These worthy citizens had a bluff, sturdy, and wholesome look: they were well buttoned and shawled, and sat up in their gigs with an independent air, though I will not answer that they would still have retained it in the aristocratic, and, to them, humbling atmosphere of the West End.

Cheapside brought me to the Poultry, and the Poultry to Threadneedle-street. Nothing can be more dark, gloomy, and overpowering to the soul that delights in bright colours, and is alive to the skyey influences, than this region of banks, Jews, and money-changers, where merchants congregate for the transaction of the

weightiest affairs. A perpetual twilight reigns over this region, and all the surrounding objects are of a murky hue; the streets and side-walks, which are cumbered with mud, scarce suffice to give place to the vast multitude who throng thither to offer sacrifices to mammon. I fancied that I could discover much difference between the money-hunters of this region and those of similar places in my own country. These were fuller, fatter, more rosy, more deliberate, and more staid. They seemed very intent, indeed, in the pursuit of gain, but by no means so impatient; willing enough to arrive at the result, but not disposed to run the risk of breaking the neck in the pursuit on the starting up of some unseen stumbling-block. In Wall-street the same sort of men would look lean, hungry, unquiet; their hands—grasping bonds, stock certificates, and promissory notes—would tremble like a gambler with his last decisive card, as they might be seen crossing the street

in a hop and a jump, darting like lightning up the steps of a bank or insurance-office, or plunging, like an escaping felon, into the low dark den of a broker.

When I rejoined my friend, he had prepared for me the gratification of seeing the Bank. It stood hard by,—a gloomy, prison-like building, of simple architecture, without external windows, and blackened by the coal smoke. The Bank is of quadrangular form, nearly, for its figure is not quite regular, nor the angles all right angles; it contains eight open courts. The rotunda is a spacious circular room, with a dome and lantern, where all the stock transactions were made previous to the erection of the Stock Exchange. The prison-like air of the exterior was well sustained by the darkness that reigned within, making lights necessary almost everywhere, by the massive construction of the walls and arches, the impregnable character of the doors and fastenings, and the air of stillness,

quietness, and mysterious solemnity which marked the appearance and manner of the liveried officials. The wan clerks, whose faces were shone upon by the conflicting light from without and from within, as they pored over huge tomes, had the air of familiars of the Inquisition studying the bloody records of its triumphs.

Through the politeness of one of the higher functionaries we had an opportunity of seeing some of the more secret recesses of the sanctuary. Thus we were shewn into an enormous vault, piled high with bullion, and where they were bringing in on hand-carts some pigs of silver, which had just arrived in a cruiser from Mexico, and which was handled with as little ceremony as lead, or some other baser though more useful metal, to which the consent of the world had not given a factitious value. I saw, also, the room in which are preserved, and arranged conveniently for reference, all the notes that

have ever been issued by the Bank; for whenever a note above a certain value—which I believe to be ten pounds—is brought to the Bank, it is never re-issued, but cancelled, and put on file.

In another room are kept the more interesting scraps of paper, which are yet in all the glory of their power. Here I was not permitted to enter, not being a Bank director; but the guardian of this precious deposit, thinking to gratify me, brought me a small bundle, and placing it in my hand, told me I held five millions of pounds sterling. As I poised the feathery burden, I revolved in my mind the idea of all the comforts of various kinds that these bits of paper would enable a man to surround himself with. Though I could not quite convince myself that contentment would surely be of the number, yet I felt for the moment a little avaricious. I think it would be a very good idea for a father, who was anxious to cherish a money-getting disposition

in his son, to conduct him, at the outset of life, to a place like this, giving him to poise the paper treasure, while he pictured to himself its exchangeable value in houses, lands, possessions, and equipages, and permitting him to gloat over the heaped-up masses of gold and silver that cumber the vaults with all the profuse abundance of any common commodity.

In coming out of the Bank by a different door from that by which we had gone in, I was struck by the appearance of a woman standing beside it, whose dress and countenance too surely told of insanity. Her face was thin, wan, and corpse-like; while the ghastliness of its expression was much enhanced by its being most preposterously rouged. This effect was further augmented by the contrasting character of her dress, which was a deep mourning suit, much faded, draggled, and weather-worn. She stood tall and erect beside the door, though poor evidently, yet not with the air of a suppliant, but rather like the

mistress of some lordly mansion, receiving ever and anon, with a nod of welcome and of condescension, the guests whom her hospitality had summoned.

I was not at all surprised to hear that she believed the Bank, and all in it, to be hers; indeed, her air and manner had already carried me to that conclusion. I was, however, quite at fault in my conjectures as to the exciting cause which had brought on so great a calamity. I fancied it some oft-told tale of sudden reverse of fortune; of possessions swept away in a single mad speculation; an empoverished family, with prospects blighted, and hopes irreparably crushed. But I found a melancholy pleasure in discovering that it had its origin in something more honourable to her woman's heart. It was occasioned by a sudden revulsion of grief and horror at her brother's being hung for forgery. Her harmless delusion about the possession of the Bank, which is the only remaining comfort of

her maniac existence, is nourished and kept alive by the benevolence of the officers of the institution, who from time to time minister from its funds such little sums as are necessary for her maintenance.

I do not believe in banks; I think—perhaps it is only a prejudice, for I know little about it, —that they give facilities to individuals and to nations for their own destruction, and that of others. My predilections are in favour of hard money, and I am an entire convert to the doctrines of Cobbett, that clever and sagacious rogue; but I think that if benevolence, exercised with good feeling, and taking counsel of good taste, can bring a blessing on one of these institutions, the Bank of England is surely entitled to one, for favouring the delusion, while it ministers to the wants, of this poor heart-broken woman.

The Stock Exchange is at no great distance from the Bank. It is a building erected at the

expense of the stock brokers, where they meet for the purchase and sale of stocks, and who form an association, into which no individual is admitted except by ballot, and from which any one not meeting his engagements, or paying his losses in the gambling and illegal operations which form no inconsiderable portion of what is done here, is liable to disgraceful exclusion; for here also, as in other similar places, there is a sort of sense of honour.

A distinguished merchant who accompanied us, inquired for a broker to whom he was known, in order to place us under his convoy, not being desirous to be seen there himself, or wishing to expose us to the very rough treatment to which intruders and sight-gazers are liable; for the younger members of the fraternity, charging themselves with keeping the ring, are wont to fix their eyes upon strangers and interlopers, and discourage their return by running against them, treading on their toes,

and, if they become refractory, hustling them out. Not being accustomed to this peculiar discipline, we had no desire to run the risk of encountering it. The porter, to whom the name of the broker we expected to see had been given, thrust his head through an aperture opening on the Exchange room, and called it repeatedly, when, not being answered, he pronounced the individual absent.

There was a most rapid circulation, a perpetual opening and shutting of doors, and a hungry, eager, impatient look about the frequenters of this place, which not a little reminded me of Wall-street. All seemed talking together, and in a rapid tone; many were crying out, so many consols, or so many Cortez bonds, at such a price, naming it; while the lower conversation of those who gossiped instead of bargained was carried on in the unintelligible jargon of the alley, in which often occurred such words as "bears," "bulls," and something about

"lame ducks," which last I took for granted were at all events no subjects for envy.

The far-famed Royal Exchange is a building of rather pleasing form and architecture, completely marred, however, in its appearance, like all the other edifices in this part of London, by the contradictory action of the smoke and rains. The dome, which surmounts the front, terminates in a golden weathercock in the form of a grasshopper, out of compliment to Sir Thomas Gresham, the original founder of the Exchange, that being his crest. Some idea of the rush, the throng, and the hum which prevail in this busy neighbourhood, may be formed from the fact that near three hundred thousand people are daily computed to pass in front of this edifice along Cornhill, and perhaps an equal number by the back, in Threadneedle-street. The front is adorned with columns and statues, and the entrance to Change is under a massive arcade and portico.

Before going to Change we went into Lloyd's. This is an association of capitalists who meet in an apartment of the Exchange, for the purpose of insuring vessels and their cargoes. The risks are divided among a number of individuals, each putting his name down to pay a certain sum in the event of loss, whence their name of underwriters. By having a great number of small risks, their premiums enable them to pay an occasional loss, and leave them in possession of a handsome income to compensate them for their time. Most of them are people who have grown rich by trade, and having retired with capital qualifying them for the responsibility of underwriting, resort to this as an occupation and means of excitement, unattended, in ordinary and peaceful times, with any extreme risk.

The underwriters were seated about at various small tables, having pen and paper before them; some gossiping about disasters at sea and reports of shipwreck, others transacting business and

taking risks. I was presented to one of these gentlemen, and, after a moment's conversation about the mode of transacting business here, and one or two questions, he rather abruptly asked me the nature of the risk, little dreaming how odd the question would sound in the ears of one whose worldly goods consisted in little else beside what he carried with him. Refreshments were served to those who had access to this establishment, which seemed to be much affected by merchants and skippers. Hence its name of Coffee-house, and that of Lloyd's doubtless came from the individual publican at whose house capitalists first assembled to insure. There are likewise Stock Companies for insurance in London as with us; but most of the commercial insurance is still done by private underwriters.

Leaving Lloyd's, we descended to the interior court of the building, where the exchange is held. This is a very beautiful quadrangle,

having an open space uncovered in the centre, which is enclosed by ranges of piazzas, for the purpose of furnishing shelter to those who attend the Exchange in very bad weather. That the Change should be held throughout the year thus in the open air, or simply under cover from the rain, without exclusion of the external air, is a fact attesting the mildness of the climate, though still, with all allowance for this, the practice must be attended with great inconvenience, exposure, and sacrifice of comfort. The covered piazza is flanked within by a range of arches and pilasters, and, besides being tastefully ornamented, is enlivened by a collection of statues arranged around the quadrangle. These are of various British kings. In the centre stands a statue of Charles II., with troops of attendant Cupids. I suppose the circumstance of this king's being selected to fill the post of honour is owing to the reconstruction of the Exchange during his reign; for there could have been

little congeniality between his tastes and those of the frugal, industrious, and honest traders for whose uses it was erected. His talents were for prodigality and waste, theirs for production and reproduction, economy and thrift.

CHAPTER II.

THE CITY.

Change—American Sea Captains—Comparison with English — Rothschild — His Character — Dolly's — Covent Garden — Gustavus.

It was four o'clock, and the Exchange was in all its glory as we entered it. The vast open area was well-nigh full, and many groups loitered behind the columns in the obscurity of the piazzas. The different quarters of the world were each represented by a particular division; at the part affected by Americans I felt quite at home, the more so that I had an opportunity of shaking hands with our worthy captain. The sight of so many Americans did not a little con-

tribute to stimulate my pride of country. It was impossible to avoid comparing the American captains who were there, with the coarser skippers of the land. They were well-dressed, respectable-looking men, in nowise distinguishable in their air and manners from the best people around them; while the British captains were coarse, rugged, rough of speech, not unfrequently dressed in round jackets, and almost always with a red and blistered nose and a fiery eye. To look at them, one might be disposed to say, however, these last are the best sailors, the true rough knots; the others are too much of gentlemen. Not at all; there never was a greater mistake. Pick out the most gentlemanlike of the Americans, and the most nautical-looking Briton, and start them off together on any given service, or to any remote corner of the world, and the American will beat him twenty per cent. at least in his passages; perhaps he will get back —and there is no absurdity in the supposition,

for it happens constantly — before the other arrives at his destination. What is the reason of this difference? Why, the American has a reputation to sustain or to form; he has something to lose or to gain. He is probably part or whole owner of the noble ship he stands upon, and his time is valuable to him. He is not toiling for a pittance; he is labouring to secure himself an independence, and a comfortable home for the evening of life.

The contrast in the appearance and characters of this class of men in the two countries is the best illustration of the two very different systems of society existing in England and America. In England, owing to the peculiar character of the government, the vast accumulations of wealth, and its concentration in a few hands, in which the legislation has for centuries been placed, and naturally and necessarily exercised in their own interests, a state of things has been brought about, the inevitable consequence of which is, that one

man sows and another reaps; the poor labour, and toil, and sweat; and the rich luxuriate and enjoy. Hence recklessness, indifference, servility, and the absence of pride among the inferior classes. In America, on the contrary, where the labourer is in truth worthy of his hire, there is nothing to check or limit the ardour of individual exertion.

These American captains have entered upon life with no superior advantages over the others. For the most part from New England, they have left their homes at an early age, with nothing beyond the plain good education, the religious principles, and the sound morality, nowise inconsistent with the love of thrift, which that model of a commonwealth furnishes to the humblest of her children. They go to sea first as common sailors, and remaining for years in the same employ, by perseverance in good conduct, sobriety, and assiduous attention to the interests intrusted to them, they gradually win their way

to the confidence of captains and owners, form a character for themselves, and at the age of five-and-twenty, or thirty years, find themselves in command, with an interest in the vessel which they sail. Meantime, their minds, furnished at the outset with the foundation of a substantial education, have become improved and liberalized by reading, and extensive intercourse with various parts of the world. Their manners, too, are gradually formed; and not being oppressed or kept down by any humbling sense of inferiority, they acquire a dignified, manly, and republican demeanour. From the moment these young men become shipmasters, they are admitted at once to such a share in the profits of the trade as blends their interests completely with that of their owners. Their fortune may be said to be already made. In a few years they usually retire as proprietors, to live in comfort and contentment in the country in which they were born, in some peaceful village in the land of steady ha-

bits, and in sight of the sea. But to return from this digression,—which the very different appearance of these nautical worthies seemed naturally to suggest, and for which I have endeavoured to furnish a sufficient reason,—let us continue our rambles round this scene of bustle and animation. On reaching the eastern side, I was struck with the regal air of a man who was leaning against one of the columns, with his face towards the courtyard, giving audience to a crowd of suppliants. He was a very common-looking person, with heavy features, flabby, pendent lips, and a projecting fish-eye. His figure, which was stout, awkward, and ungainly, was enveloped in the loose folds of an ample surtout. Yet there was something commanding in his air and manner; and the deferential respect which seemed voluntarily rendered to him by those who approached him, shewed that it was no ordinary person. "Who is that?" was the natural question. "The king of the Jews."

The persons crowding round were presenting bills of exchange. He would glance for a moment at a paper, return it with an affirmatory nod, and turn to the next individual pressing forward for an audience. Two well-looking young men, with somewhat of an air of dandyism, stood beside him, making memoranda to assist in the recollection of bargains, regulating the whole continental exchange of the day. Even without this assistance he is said to be able to call to mind every bargain that he has made. The most singular stories are told of the business habits of this extraordinary individual, who manœuvres stocks and loans with as much skill, and not always without the same important effect, as Napoleon did armies and artillery. His favourite study is said to be looking over his bills of exchange; these are his literary pets—they are both poetry and prose to him; with these he communes by the hour. It is said, that he can, on any day, tell without reference every

bill that is to fall due. We were delighted to find that he had recovered possession of his favourite column, against which he was standing, and that the intrusive Mr. Rose, on whose conduct there had been much speculation in the newspapers, was nowhere to be seen.

This astonishing man was formerly the mere agent, at Manchester, of a Jew house in Frankfort, for the purchase of cotton goods. Subsequently he removed to London, and commenced the traffic in exchanges. He was first brought into notice during the war, by transmitting to the Austrian government at Vienna the subsidy furnished by England for carrying on the war. He executed this in a bold manner, at a time when the older bankers declined the task, on account of the agitated condition of continental affairs. After this, he was regularly employed by the government in remitting funds to the British troops in the Peninsula and elsewhere; this he was always able to do promptly, by rally-

ing around him all his Jew brethren throughout the continent. Of these he may now be esteemed the king; unless, indeed, his title to royal honours should be disputed by our clever and facetious high-priest, who not long since conceived the project of uniting the scattered tribes on the new Ararat of Lake Eirie, and, robed like Melchisedek of old, enacted such a delectable farce within hearing of the roar of Niagara.

The chief origin of the present enormous fortune of this individual was his purchasing largely in the funds of all the old-established powers, towards the close of the French war and Napoleon's career. He went into these stocks as deep as he was able, buying extensively, then raising money on what he had bought, and still going on to buy more. By the skilful combination of his plans, and the rapidity of his communications and means of receiving intelligence, he contrived to learn the result of the battle of

Waterloo ten hours before it was known even at the Horse-Guards. The possession of such exclusive information, of course, was turned to account by extensive purchases. As he anticipated, and no doubt owing, in some measure, to his own speculations, the funds went up astonishingly at the peace, and he found himself enormously enriched. The traffic in stocks and exchanges, in which he can always make good bargains, being able to raise or depress prices slightly at his pleasure, and the contract for loans, have tended, and still daily tend, to augment this colossal fortune. He can always take loans on more favourable terms than any one else. Having received orders for certain portions of any given stock from various bankers, he takes a loan and divides it, reserving a portion for himself, and clearing the premium, which he receives as a bonus for making the contract. By this means he obviates any unfavourable

reaction on the stocks of which he is already a holder, and which would have been depressed by a loan being taken at a low rate.

This individual may be looked on as in a peculiar manner the banker of established governments and of the Holy Alliance. War in any shape, and liberal crusades especially, embarrassing national finances, and possibly attacking the inviolability of debts contracted for the support of prescriptive right and the subjugation of the people, are not what he desires. He has never had anything to do with the South American republics, nor with the mining speculations within their territory, for which he is, of course, all the richer. Latterly, he has learned to distinguish between republics, and to believe that there may be such a thing as a stable one. He has turned his eyes to the only one of the great nations of the world whose government has undergone no change whatever, in the letter or in the spirit, during the last half century of strug-

gles and bloodshed. He has seen a people including no antagonist classes, no aristocracy holding in the same hand the wealth with the power of the country, no child of labour chained for ever hopelessly to the oar, and denied all beyond the bare pittance necessary to perpetuate that existence whose energies are to be devoted to the service of his task-master. There labour cherishes no hostility, no deadly purpose of revenge; there it loses no time in repining at its lot, pauses not to complain, but, armed with courage, and secure of its reward, puts forth its energies and grasps wealth. In that country the government has already quietly assumed the form and fashion to which all others tend inevitably through struggles, convulsions, and blood, being already in the hands of a democracy, from whom none have the means of withdrawing it. It reposes upon the broad foundation of a whole people, unhappily, though through no fault of ours, disfigured in some portions of our vast

territory by the existence of slavery, and the presence of a distinct race unsusceptible of amalgamation; elsewhere polluted by an inundating emigration, bringing us the degraded materials of the worn-out monarchies of Europe; yet, in the aggregate, intelligent, moral, cognizant at once of their powers, their privileges, and the means necessary to preserve them.

This man has had the discernment to discover that our securities are the soundest in the world; reposing upon the existence of governments which alone present no immediate prospect of change, and the guarantee of gigantic and unexhausted resources,—upon British enterprise and British probity, transplanted to more fertile shores,—and on British liberty, intrusted not alone to the guardianship of property and a privileged few, but made the birthright of all. He has recently taken a loan of one of the most flourishing states; has an agent in America, and is likely soon to have a member of his family

there. Moreover, he and our great sachem have recently taken each other by the hand, and he is now our financial agent. It is said that these distinctions are very delightful to him. He glories in being the financial representative of all the great powers at this the capital of the moneyed world. He has declined the offer of a title from a sovereign prince, having the good sense to see that, as a noble, he would be contemptible; while, as a banker and a capitalist, he stands alone and unapproached, respected and honoured alike by kings and presidents.

I looked at this individual with no little interest. Men without talents sometimes grow rich by economy, and by hoarding whatever they lay their hands on,—by keeping close pent within their pockets every sixpence which finds its way there. But a man who, rising from obscurity, is able, by force of mind and character, boldly and successfully to carve out for himself a great career, and make himself of importance to states

and sovereigns, must be one of no ordinary character. Greatness is not confined to any particular sphere; it is various and multiform in its mode of exhibiting itself; and Rothschild may well lay claim to be as great among money-bags, as Napoleon was at the head of armies.

I had never witnessed a scene of greater bustle and animation than when the Exchange approached its close. Thousands and tens of thousands of pounds mingled perpetually in the speech of the by-standers. Masters were bargaining for the sale of vessels, or drove a trade for freights and charters. Everything seemed as unsettled as ever when the bell rang preliminary to the close. This seemed to communicate a new impulse to every one. Differences suddenly disappeared before the necessity of a speedy conclusion, and people separated with a shake of the hand in faith of agreement. At half-past four, the bell again sounded to give notice to depart. The vast crowd at once poured

out by the various outlets, talking as they went of ships, cargoes, exchanges, insurance, speculations, and bankruptcies, and all the other terms that pertain to trade, and which, though jargon to the ears of those who do not understand them, are solid sense, and solid money too, to such as are in the secret.

Leaving the Exchange, we traced our way, by the aid of gas and the faint glimmerings of day that yet remained, down Cheapside to St. Paul's Church-yard, where we struck off to the right, in search of Dolly's Chop-house, so famous now as in past centuries for its excellent beefsteaks. The coffee-room had an air of antiquity; for though the building had been renewed from time to time, yet parts of the old structure had been retained; among others, the chimneys, which are antique, projecting, and have a quaint air. The beefsteaks were very sensibly served, in detachments, brought in hot on pewter dishes, with heated plates of the same to eat from. They

were cut very thin, and were not particularly good. There was one reflection, however, that seasoned the meal; and that was, that Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, and Johnson, not to mention inferior names, had often feasted similarly in the very same place. Perhaps on the very spot where I was then sitting, the stomachs of those departed worthies had been strengthened to the conception of a "Cato," a "Deserted Village," or a "Rasselas." After all, unromantic as it may seem, food is the element from which all else is derived; and a beefsteak may be looked upon alike as the convertible representative of a sweetly-soothing, and seductive poem, an exquisite tale, and a sublime tragedy, as of a piece of calico. Invigorated by it, the blacksmith hammers, the bard muses, the sage loses himself in contemplation, and the tragic poet soliloquizes.

The idea is very amusing, and very odd, yet, perhaps, very possible, that these beautiful lines of Thomson—

"How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face;
What dull complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Which, having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again"—

night, if chymically analyzed, and resolved back into their first elements, be found to settle down quietly into a mutton-chop devoured at Dolly's. Verily, if sentiment be not mere humbug, at any rate poetry is, without disparagement, nothing more than beef and mutton transformed.

We closed the day at the Covent Garden. The entrance to this theatre is not so grand as to Drury Lane, nor are the arrangements in any respect so elegant and commodious. Yet there is no want of space, large foyers filled with the same description of occupants, and sufficient outlets and vomitories. The enter-

tainment began with the opera of Gustavus, from the French. The exhibition of scenery and dresses was so splendid as to leave one, apt to be carried away by present impressions, little disposition to regret the Royal Academy or San Carlo. The scene in the masquerade was indeed most brilliant. The acting in this piece was very good; the singing somewhat less so; and the music, though beautiful in itself, was sadly anglicised in the delivery. The figurantes, of which there were an immense number, formed the prettiest collection of women I had ever seen on the stage, so far, at least, as the head and bust were concerned. They had charming countenances; and, instead of paint and brick-dust, were beautifully teinted with the hues of health and with nature's vermilion. Unfortunately their figures were squat, with a superabundance of body in the bottle form, sustained upon bad legs and feet. At the Scala, at San Carlo, or the Academy, I had often admired the

effect of the full corps entering in time to a graceful music, and moving their limbs and bodies in a delightful and most seductive harmony. I never saw anything more burlesque than the same thing on this occasion. The troupe came tripping in, clothed with meretricious smiles, and an air of forced unction, as they bowed out of time, as if lame first in one leg and then in the other. Their movement was what a sailor would call of the "step and fetch it order," or a species of "heaving and setting, like a goat tied to a gate-post." In order to make their demerits the more glaringly enormous, the corps was interspersed with several foreign dancers, headed by Celeste, and the discrepance in their movements was too palpable. There was, however, one brilliant exception, among the English part of the company, to the application of this sweeping denunciation of the figures and movement.

This, too, was in the case of the best singer and actress of the evening, and among the most

pleasing that I saw in England. Let me, for a moment, pause to do justice to the legs of Miss Shireff. She appeared as a page, and a more interesting one could scarce be seen. Many of my readers may have seen lithographs of her, presenting the invitation to the ball, on the frontispiece of the music of Gustavus. Her singing was admirable, but it was her leg that convulsed the house with applause; and well might it, for it was one from which Shakspeare might have caught a new charm to embellish his description of Rosaline's, or Robert Burns have dreamed of in his vision, when he exclaims, at the recollection—

> "And such a leg! my bonnie Jean
> Could only peer it;
> Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
> Nane else came near it."

I afterward found that the enthusiastic admiration of a fine female leg was a prevailing taste in England. A means of accounting for it may

perhaps be found in its extreme rarity. Each theatre is obliged to provide for this taste, by having, if possible, a pair of fine legs in the troupe: Madame Vestris's have long been peerless in England. I have known persons, deliberating about the selection of a theatre for the amusement of the evening, decide for the Olympic, on discovering that Vestris's character would involve the exhibition of her legs. In this way the mere exhibition of her legs is worth some hundred pounds to her annually.

During the opera I was exceedingly amused by a piece of dry English humour practised by some one at the top of the house. The principal male singer was spinning out his voice to the most delicate thread possible in one of the fine passages, and had reached the very climax of his capabilities, when this wag uttered audibly a deep and plaintive groan. The effect was irresistibly ludicrous. I had been doubting, for some time, whether to be carried away by ad-

miration or not, when the fellow's groan convinced me that all was not exactly right. Soulless brute as he doubtless was, it would have been impossible for him thus to have accompanied the exertion of a Rubini's power. I never knew a dog to interrupt a burst of really fine music, though I have often heard them accompany a beginner on the flute, or howl in concert to an unwearying hand-organ. The sublime and the ridiculous are, after all, very nearly allied in this sort of music: one always knows indeed when it is admirably done; but there is a species of mean excellence that is very embarrassing, and often puzzles those who admire without critical skill, and only by the effect of their impressions.

The opera was succeeded by a most amusing farce, full of well-managed perplexities and ingenious dilemmas. Kissing and caressing were carried on through every scene, and the whole piece abounded with equivoques, play upon

words, and not a few indecent allusions, which, being more direct and intelligible to the obtuse, were received with greater acclamation. The pictures of middle life in England seemed at once national and true, for they were acted with great life and spirit, and received with unmeasured commendation. The audience broke up grinning gloriously, and well pleased with their money's worth of entertainment.

CHAPTER III.

EXCURSION TO THE TUNNEL.

Westminster Hall—Court of King's Bench—Great Brewery—Thames Tunnel—Its Construction—Importance of its Completion.

At an early hour the succeeding day my friend called for me in his cabriolet, to take me to Westminster Hall, to witness a most interesting trial, in a case which was to come on in the Court of King's Bench. The prisoners were a member of Parliament and a soldier of the Coldstream Guards; their conviction involved capital punishment, and public attention had been much awakened, through the newspapers, to the coming trial.

As we drew up in front of the venerable pile, associated, during so many centuries, with almost every event in the history of this great nation, my attention was attracted to it with no little interest. I found the external appearance of this celebrated edifice far less noble and imposing than I had anticipated. Originally a very pure specimen of Gothic architecture, its simplicity has been greatly marred by additions in a very mixed taste, which do not harmonize with it. Thus, there are two square towers, battlemented at the top, which flank the front, and which, while they conceal the pile, yet convey in themselves no impression of grandeur or beauty, for their height is very inconsiderable. Other constructions of recent date, connected with the courts of law or the House of Parliament, which join the Hall, tend, by their want of harmony, still further to disfigure it and destroy its character of simplicity.

Nothing, however, can be simpler or grander

than the effect of the Hall when seen from within. You find yourself in a vast edifice, near three hundred feet in length, having on every side nothing but the plain walls of stone, and no column or obstruction of any sort to intercept the view and break the character of simplicity and vastness. High over head rises a bold and hardy roof, supported by no column, but propped with inconceivable lightness and grace on a series of wooden groinings, springing from stone mullions on the side walls. This roof is built entirely of chestnut wood, put together with the greatest ingenuity, and is richly ornamented with the heraldic emblems of Richard II., by whom it was built, carved everywhere in the wood. It is almost entirely the same as it was constructed towards the commencement of the fifteenth century, and yet bears no impress of decay. In the various specimens of Gothic architecture which I have seen throughout the continent, there was nothing which bore any resemblance

whatever to this, or at all prepared me for the impression which its eccentricity, lightness, and beauty produced upon me.

Westminster Hall was originally erected for a banqueting-room. In the eleventh century it was already used for that purpose, and several hundred years later Richard II. kept his Christmas feast here, which was partaken of by no fewer than ten thousand guests. It was reasonable enough, therefore, that there should have been, as we are told, no fewer than twenty-eight roasted oxen, and other animals without number, devoured on this occasion. It is still devoted occasionally to the same use; for here George IV., at no distant day, held his coronation banquet, with a consumption of food, moreover, which clearly shews that change of times brings no innovation in the carnivorous appetites of man. Here, too, in times past, the High Court of Parliament was often held; and here it was, subsequently to my visit, question of temporarily

holding it during the reconstruction of the houses after their unfortunate destruction by fire. At present it is only used as one of the thoroughfares leading to the House of Commons, and to the various courts of Chancery, Exchequer, King's Bench, and Common Pleas, which hold their sittings in apartments adjoining it.

When I had recovered a little from the deep impression of astonishment and admiration which the contemplation of this magnificent pile awakened, I followed my companion to the Court of King's Bench, which is situated at the right. To our great regret, we found it completely full. The room was of a square figure, and lit from a skylight above; the judges seemed to be seated opposite, under a canopy displaying the arms of England; the lawyers were arranged on grades of benches ascending from the bar; while the spectators stood on either hand, and in small galleries above. The avenues were likewise choked with persons standing and stretching

forward to hear; so that I was unable to force my way into the dense mass. I could see nothing of the judges, the counsel, or the prisoners, whose situation, whether guilty or innocent, was so awful, and whose countenances I was anxious to study. I was barely able to catch sight of one or two neatly-curled barristers' wigs, terminating in double queues or pig-tails.

I was exceedingly vexed at not getting in. The details, to be sure, were likely to be very disgusting, and the newspapers, which penetrate every domestic circle in the land, and which about this time seemed to look upon information of this character as a necessary part of the intelligence and intellectual nutriment of the day, exhibited them the next morning in all their enormity. Yet my curiosity was much excited; for the first legal talents in the country were enlisted in the defence, and the Duke of Wellington, backed by peers and poets, the aristocracy of rank and the aristocracy of genius, were

there present to testify to the character of the accused, and react in favour of an individual, who, by birth, and by talents, belonged to both, and save their mutual castes from the foul stain resulting from a conviction.

Crowded, squeezed, in momentary danger of parting with my coat-tails, yet without seeing anything, or the prospect of being able to do so, I was certainly in a very bad humour, and felt very unamiable,—for there is nothing so irritating and exhausting as the surrounding pressure of a crowd. As I forced myself out, with as much of my coat as I could carry with me, I had no eye to admire anew the magnificence of that noble Hall of Westminster, into which I had again emerged; but abandoned myself to the most illiberal reflections on the vices that spring from idleness and an exhausted refinement, and drawing arguments against the existence of standing armies.

Having looked into some of the other courts,

and found nothing of particular interest there, it was proposed that we should continue our ride, and visit the Tunnel, stopping in our way at the great brewery of Barclay and Perkins, whose fame had already been announced to me at the corner of almost every street in London,—the ordinary sign of a porter-house, or gin-shop, being, in almost every case, coupled with the conspicuously-displayed notification of—"Barclay and Perkins's entire." I was told, indeed, that the great London brewers are the proprietors of most of the favourite tavern-stands, by which means they are able to make terms with the lessee favourable to the consumption of their commodity. Having crossed the Westminster Bridge, walking over to enjoy the view, while our vehicle drove on before us, we struck into a very busy and populous, though utilitarian and inelegant quarter of the town, and at length came to this vast establishment, which is almost a suburb of London, having whole streets and

ranges of edifices; and which, standing by itself, would make a very tolerable town.

Here was a whole population devoted to the production of beer. They seemed also to be consumers to a very considerable extent, for they were rosy, hale, and portly. Horses of enormous size were circulating in various directions, either harnessed in numbers to ponderous carts, laden with the drowsy fluid, to transport to customers in every quarter of the metropolis, or else singly drawing a barrel about on a wooden drag, similar to a sled. These sleds are seen in all parts of London, and they struck me as offering a solitary exception to the rigorous exclusion from the streets of whatever can in any way interfere with the public convenience and safety. They are certainly dangerous; and I once saw one of them, at the turning of a corner, run directly under the legs of a pair of horses, before they could be pulled up by the postillion.

Having exhibited the letter of introduction of which we were bearers, we were admitted to the establishment, and put in charge of a person to conduct us. We were first shewn the vast repositories in which the malt is stored. The malt used in making beer is simply barley parched, or submitted to the same process with coffee, preparatory to making the decoction. The malt store was so arranged, that it could be let at once through a trap, in any given quantity, into the large boilers below. The beer is made in three large coppers, each capable of containing three hundred and forty barrels. The malt and boiled hops are added together, and boiling water is perpetually forced up from below. This process goes on twelve hours. In order to mix the whole intimately, a machine, called a rouser, which is worked by steam, revolves perpetually within the coppers, disturbing the hops and malt, and preventing them from settling. When the liquor is sufficiently boiled, it is

carried off to the fermenting vats, where it gradually cools, and goes through the process of fermentation. I was struck here by the singular effect which the sun produced in shining through the blinds, and casting its light obliquely over the purple vapour evaporating from the vats. When the fermentation is complete, and the beer drawn off into the vats in which it is preserved, the various vessels are cleansed, and the process is renewed the next day.

Every thing in this establishment is on a vast and magnificent scale, and the buildings and works are executed with neatness, elegance, and solidity. There are, among other things, eight vast hop-lofts, each seventy yards long by forty wide; curiously-contrived purchases for lifting and cleansing parts of the machinery; railways to bring the coal from its depository to the furnaces; and even a very beautiful suspension bridge, spanning a street, to connect the upper stories of opposite edifices. I never saw engines

in more complete order than the two which move the various machinery of this establishment. Both of them were of Watt's construction; and it seemed to me not a little creditable to the genius of that distinguished machinist, that he should himself have brought to such perfection, for manufacturing purposes at least, a complicated contrivance, which the ingenuity of so many persons who have devoted themselves to its study has not been able essentially to improve. There is much about the air of this establishment to convey the idea, not of something connected with individual enterprise, but of those vast public works, such as magazines, arsenals, and dock-yards, in which the greatness of a powerful nation exhibits itself. There was a massive stone inscription let into one of the walls of a new building, setting forth, for the benefit of posterity, that its construction had been commenced in May of the previous year, and finished in November. This was a dispatch

that would have excited wonder even in our own land of impatience.

In one of the court-yards is a beautiful iron tank, supported on columns, at a sufficient elevation to carry water to any part of the works; this is capable of containing fifteen hundred barrels of water. Neatness, order, and arrangement prevail throughout every department of this vast establishment. The stables would remind one of the military precision of a cavalry barrack, though the animals themselves were not such as would have figured well in a charge, being strangers to every other gait than a walk: they were enormous animals, indeed, and of great price, many of them having cost as high as sixty or seventy guineas. A number of them were distinguished from their comrades by having a wisp of straw woven into their tails. On asking what they had done to be thus honoured above their compeers, I was told, that they were either lame or requiring to be shod.

At a distance from the stable, a very neat edifice was pointed out as the horse-infirmary, where those which were in delicate health were delivered over to kinder care and treatment. The stable-men and drivers were as colossal as their horses; indeed, the appearance of all the people about this establishment went to prove that beer-drinking, after all, is not such a bad thing in its physical effects; for these people are, many of them, allowed a half-gallon a-day, which some extend, from their own means, to twice that quantity. Its tendency, however, did not seem to be to quicken the intellect; for most of them had a dull, drowsy, and immoveable look. It was impossible to detect any intellectuality in their countenances, or speculation in their eyes.

It is in the cellars, however, where the beer is preserved, that one is most struck with the extent, and, if I may use the word, the grandeur of this establishment. A system of cast-iron columns props beams of the same material; while,

on all sides, are ranged huge vats, containing beer in a condition for use. There were no fewer than one hundred and sixteen of these, which average two thousand barrels of thirty-six gallons each, and the largest of which contains three thousand four hundred barrels, so that there are actually always two hundred and thirty-two thousand barrels of beer on hand here. One may imagine what would be the effect of an accident which should burst these vats simultaneously. The beer deluge would become as fixed a part of the traditions of Southwark, as that of the olden time is of all mankind.

We left this vast establishment without any disposition to sneer with the conceited and the silly at brewers and breweries: perhaps there is no more direct road in this country to great wealth, and all the consequences which it carries with it, than the diligent and successful prosecution of this business. Barclay and Perkins

were the clerks, and became the successors of Mr. Thrale, who was able, through his wealth, aided by his own good taste and that of his wife, to surround himself, at his villa of Streatham, with a distinguished circle of the literary men of his time. When Mr. Thrale died, the brewery only occupied one fourth of its present space, and was every way inconsiderable in proportion; yet Johnson was at that time so impressed with its grandeur, that he is said, by the gossiping jackal who has commemorated his slightest doings, to have exclaimed at the sale—he being one of the trustees—with a peculiar display of that "weight of words" which Dr. Parr, in the inscription I had seen the day before in St. Paul's, so felicitously ascribes to him, "We are not here, gentlemen, to sell a mere collection of empty vats and beer-barrels, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the wildest dreams of avarice."

From the brewery we drove to a neighbour-

ing printing establishment, where that admirable publication, the Penny Magazine, is struck off by a most ingenious process, and sent, at an inconsiderable expense, to the remotest corners of the kingdom, carrying within the humblest roofs healthful and invigorating nourishment for the intellect, substituting a pleasing and almost gratuitous relaxation for the costly and debasing dissipation of gin-shops and taverns, and in imparting to the mind a little information, implanting at the same time the desire to obtain more.'

As the Thames tunnel was at no great distance, my companion proposed that we should drive there. I asked nothing better; and we were soon set down at its entrance. We entered the enclosure leading to the shaft by a recording turnstile, similar to that on Waterloo Bridge, intended as a check on the possible dishonesty of the clerk, by taking note of each shilling's worth of humanity that passes it.

The present descent to the tunnel is by a spiral stairway of wood, constructed in the shaft pierced for the commencement of the work and the removal of the rubbish. Should the work ever be completed, it will be approached by carriages by means of circular and spiral descents at either end, after the manner of the Tower of Giralda. In the shaft, beside the wooden stairway, were seen the conduits of the pump, worked by a powerful steam engine, by means of which the leakage is carried off, and the excavation kept free from water.

Having descended about sixty feet from the surface of the bank of the river, the tunnel broke suddenly upon our view. It consists of two separate roads; the left alone was visible, being lighted with gas. They are of horseshoe form, leaning towards each other, their sides being nearly straight on the inside, though quite oval without. They are arched on the bottom as well as the top, in order to be tight, and defended in

all directions. Being plastered over, and well lighted, the effect of this subterranean passage was singularly striking and grand, even without superadding the conception of its position beneath the bed of a river, and the wonderful novelty and hardihood of the undertaking. This idea is, however, constantly forced upon your attention by the dripping of the water, the sense of dampness and chilliness, and the hoarse panting of the steam engine and the valves of the huge pumps, the only sounds which disturb this solitude, and remind you of the peculiarity of your situation. You look irresistibly over head, bewildered at the thought that a mighty estuary flows there, cut by thousands of flitting wherries, and groaning under the burdens of huge ships laden to their very gunwales, and that it is for ever struggling, with subtle and resistless power, to make a breach and rush in. When you recollect, as you stand beneath the very centre of the stream, that barely five yards

intervene between the crown of the tunnel and the bed of the river, you more than half expect to see some great anchor, dropped from the bows of an Indiaman, come crashing through the top, letting in the river itself, and everything in it—a deluge, with all its consequences of desolation and death.

When I learned the very little interval between the tunnel and the river, it struck me that the ingenious engineer would have more surely tested the practicability of his plan, and placed it still further beyond the possibility of failure, by going ten or more feet deeper. The only inconvenience that could have grown out of this, would have been the adding, in a very trifling degree, to the descent to reach the level on either side. It struck me, also, that there was another mistake in not making the two passages separate altogether. They are now connected by arches, which form openings in the dividing wall between them; so that any accident or

sudden leak in the one, involves equal exposure to the other.

My countrymen are doubtless aware of the mode in which this stupendous work was carried on; for the interest which it excited in America at the time of its construction was unbounded; and the newspapers kept us perpetually acquainted with the details, which were read with an interest nowise inferior to what a bulletin of Napoleon might have commanded some years earlier. The mirror placed at the extremity of the work prevented my seeing the iron machine in which the excavators worked, and which was pushed forward as they made room for it, and as the arching became complete behind. This mirror, by reflecting the portion of the tunnel already finished, gave to the whole the air of completeness and perfection, and presented it to the view precisely as it would have appeared ere this, had no accident occurred to exhaust the funds of the company and arrest its prosecution.

The beauty and symmetry of the prospect, the effect of the series of lights, extending in endless vista, and the dwindling perspective as the eye lost itself in search of the extremity, all, by conjuring up a complete picture of what the thing might have been, tended to increase the regrets it was impossible not to feel in the recollection of what it is. The practicability of the undertaking is indeed already fully tested; for more than half the distance across is complete, and the deepest part of the river, where its bottom and the top of the tunnel most nearly approach each other, is already passed in triumph, and the greatest danger is now behind. Money alone is wanting to complete this labour of surpassing magnificence and unquestioned utility.

Begun as a speculation, with a view to the profitable investment of capital, in a country where capital overflows, the patience of the stockholders, called upon perpetually for new

investments instead of stretching forth their hands to receive the forthcoming interest, has long since exhausted itself. It can only now be ever completed by a grant of money from Parliament, and as a national undertaking. This question has already been adverted to in the House of Commons, and no doubt something will ere long be done. When twenty millions are freely voted for a speculative good to be conferred at a distance from home, and from which the possibility of the most disastrous consequences is not wholly excluded, one million might well be granted to complete an undertaking so intimately connected with the convenience and prosperity of this vast metropolis, and which, in grandeur, in hardihood, as a proof of human ingenuity and human power, will yield to nothing within the whole circle of whatever man has yet achieved.

The present generation of Englishmen can convey to their descendants, in all future times,

no higher idea of their prosperity and greatness than by bequeathing to them such a legacy. The fame of Waterloo may fade when blended in the memory with the brighter glories of Cressy and Poictiers; even the Nile and its Nelson may be eclipsed by the fresher triumphs of heroes that are to come; but no lapse of time can diminish the impression of such a work as this, whose utility will always preserve it from decay, which is not likely to be elsewhere repeated, and which, at any rate, can never be surpassed.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RIVER.

Thames Wherries—Utility of the Tunnel—London from the Thames—Movement on the River—Tower of London—Regalia.

HAVING dismissed our vehicle to return home, intending to take the water from the Tunnel to the Tower, we had scarce emerged into the open air before we were assailed by watermen, crying, "Sculls, sir? sculls?" assuring us of a good tide, although they had not the slightest idea in which direction we were going, and offering their services most eloquently in the language of the river. When we were seated in one of the light wherries, and found ourselves

skimming fleetly under the influence of a single pair of sculls, I felt in a mood to do full justice to the attractions of this most agreeable conveyance. The Thames wherries are indeed among the most beautiful boats I have seen. Their form is somewhat between our Whitehall skiffs and a Greek caique, and they have much of the beauty and grace of both united.

As we were receding from the Tunnel, my friend mentioned it to me as a curious fact, that Brunel, the constructor of this Tunnel, and of many other works in England that are full of inventive genius and originality, on leaving his native country of France, had first gone to America, and had resided some time in New York. He there built the Park Theatre, an ungraceful pile, which was certainly preluding very hopelessly to the construction of the Tunnel. It was now that we could best appreciate the vast utility of this noble enterprise. An extent of three or four miles of the upward and down-

ward course of the river was seen to be covered on either hand with habitations, manufactories, warehouses, and docks crowded with shipping, evidently constituting the most busy portion of this overgrown metropolis; yet here was no means of passing except by wherries, and the nearest point at which the river could be traversed by a vehicle was at London Bridge, which lay some miles above. All this stretch of the river constituted the port of London, and no bridge, though provided with a draw, could exist here without materially impeding the navigation, and causing, to arriving and departing vessels, inconvenience, possible injury, and the frequent loss of a tide. Hence the impossibility of having a bridge at a point where yet one is the most needed.

Flying bridges, moved by steam, if I may so denominate the conveyances by which our rivers are so conveniently traversed, are not applicable to the Thames, where the great rise and fall of

the tide would render getting on board of them with carriages a difficult matter; and where, moreover, the navigation might occasionally be interrupted by want of water. Hence the immense advantage of the submarine connexion by means of the Tunnel, connecting the populous and busy districts of Rotherhithe and Wapping, and the vast suburbs adjoining, without at all impeding the navigation of the river. Let us hope, for the honour of the age in which we live, and the nation from which we are sprung, that this noble work will ere long be completed. Would it not be right, moreover, that they who first had the faith and greatness of soul to believe in such a grand idea, should not be abandoned to the simple consolation which that reflection may afford them? They should not be permitted to lose their money because they had faith beyond their generation. The state should come to their succour, and take care, when the

work is complete, that they be first reimbursed from its profits.

The individual who expects to be struck with the beauty of London, as he sees it from the river, will be greatly disappointed. It offered to the eye, as we shot out into the stream, a flat shore on either side, lined with irregular and wretched houses, of squalid and most ruinous appearance. Some of these were warehouses, at which goods were received from, or discharged into, canal-boats and lighters. Others were the dwellings of such as lived by the inelegant occupations of the river and the sea, to which it was the outlet. They had a filthy and sluttish look: yet even here were evidences of the prevalence of that rural taste which is a striking and most pleasing attribute of the land, though it evinced itself only in tubs of grass and shrubbery exposed at a window, to the peril of the watermen below, and occasionally a cracked flower-pot tenanted by a monthly rose.

The towers and steeples overlooking this unsightly boundary of the river's course, were chiefly awkward in their forms, and spoke little for the magnificence of the city beyond. The dome of St. Paul's alone rose with boldness and grandeur, looming hugely through the smoke. Now and then a dense forest of masts and yards marked the situation of some one of the vast docks, in which the tide, with its burden of freighted ships, is shut up, and shewed where was concentrated the more valuable trade of the commercial metropolis of the world.

Though the scene was deficient in beauty, it was not wanting in activity and life. In the river the vessels were in many parts so crowded as to be moored side by side. This was especially the case where the colliers from Newcastle and Sunderland lay. The river seemed to form a sort of floating community in itself, a district of London, with its population, its floating chapels, its police stations, its refectories. Bells

tinkled on all sides, inviting the lovers of gin and rum to drink and be merry. The movement of barges, canal-boats, wherries, and steamers, with ships, brigs, and schooners, beating up with the tide under their lee, or sailing less fleetly before the wind, added to the noise of the steamers, and the cries of the sailors and watermen, formed altogether a scene of bustle and animation comparable only to that which was exhibited in another way by Piccadilly or Cheapside.

Here, too, it was very easy to be run over, if one had the least taste for such a catastrophe. It required no little care to navigate amid so many difficulties. The waterman, as he at the same time guided and propelled the light wherry, looked warily over either shoulder. And reason good; for not a day passes by without its record of drowning or disaster. As we stepped into the boat, we had been confronted by the conspicuously-displayed and comforting

notification where might be found the apparatus of the Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons; while beside it a man was just then posting the following placard:—"One pound reward for the body of William Jones, who was drowned yesterday, near Southwark Bridge. Had on a blue jacket and check shirt. To be kept afloat." To be kept afloat! Poor fellow! If he could have kept himself so, his old mother, for Elizabeth Jones, who signed the paper, was doubtless she, might have saved her pound, and rejoiced in a live son instead of mourning over a dead one.

The tide and the sculls of our waterman soon brought us to St. Catharine's Dock. This is the newest of these vast artifical harbours. It was crowded with ships, and surrounded with massive and substantial warehouses. Here was a great rendezvous of steamers, engaged in towing vessels on the river, or in the transportation of passengers. Others, of a larger description, only in-

ferior in size and elegance to those I had been accustomed to see in my own country, lay moored in the stream, and served to connect London by a rapid communication with the remote ports of the kingdom, as Dublin, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Inverness, or with the continental cities of Rotterdam and Hamburgh. Farther up the river was seen the fine front of the Custom-House, upon which the eye dwelt with complacency after the unsightly edifices that had hitherto skirted the shore; while beyond opened, in symmetrical series, the arches of London Bridge. Between St. Catharine's Dock and the Custom-House, rose, in quaint and jagged outline, the walls, bastions, and pinnacled turrets of the Tower of London,—the Bastile of England in remote days, ere liberty had yet strengthened herself in the land.

Erected by William the Conqueror, to secure the subjection of the capital of the fair kingdom which he had won, the Tower of London con-

nects itself with every succeeding event in the history of our race. In more barbarous times than those in which we live, it has been the prison-house and the place of execution of illustrious victims of tyranny, whose sufferings the historian has recorded, and the poet hallowed in undying verse. Here an arched passage under the wall once gave admittance to the real criminals who had meditated treason against the state, or those whom royal tyranny had marked for its victims. They were conducted by the river, with something of the secresy which marked the proceedings of the Inquisition in other countries; and the name of the Traitor's Gate, that distinguished the dark passage through which they entered, like the Bridge of Sighs in Venice, intimated to the victim the nature of his fate.

Having landed at the Tower steps, we were received by the Yeomen of the Guard, who permitted us to enter, and one of whom, cheered on and rendered courteous by the recollection of

his fees, charged himself with conducting us. These yeomen, better known as beef-eaters, were dressed in doublet and bonnet, the picturesque dress of the days of Elizabeth. They should have had slashed breeches, red hose, and rosettes in their shoes, as is the case with those on duty in the palace at levees and festivals; but they were now in a species of undress, and their plain blue trousers marked their connexion with the age of utility. They were armed with heavy halberds, and had the post of honour at the gate, though the presence of the plainer-dressed infantry-soldier shewed that there was here a garrison of another kind, and that the defence of this important arsenal and armory from popular insurrection, and of the state regalia from the hardihood of the swell mob, is not wholly intrusted to these burly and well-fed veterans.

Within the courtyard, a number of objects were pointed out to us that were rich in histo-

rical interest of the most romantic and mournful character. There stood the Bloody Tower in which the unfortunate young princes, Edward V. and his brother, are said to have been smothered by that Richard whom Shakspeare has consigned to an immortality of detestation. Within the walls of the adjoining church of St. Peter repose the headless trunks of countless victims of their own misdeeds, or others' cruelty: bishops, nobles, queens of England,—a Somerset, a Dudley, a Monmouth, a Catharine Howard, and the ill-fated Anna Boleyn. The Beauchamp Tower is shewn as the prison in which this last was confined, and whence she penned her well-known epistle to her brutal lord. Here too was confined one whose fame was still purer, and her fate yet more deplorable, —the Lady Jane Grey.

The Tower of London having long ceased to be formidable as a fortress, is now best known as the depository of the regalia of England, and as

one of the most extensive armories in the world. There is one immense room containing, as we were told, no fewer than two hundred thousand muskets. They were most tastefully and conveniently arranged, and in perfect order. There was much here to convey an idea of the power of England,—of the strength which she could put forth. If there was something to indicate what she could do, there were also not a few objects to call to mind that which she had done. On all sides were seen trophies of her victories by land and sea; and in a noble gallery, called the Horse Armory, were arrayed in complete panoply, mounted, and lance in hand, the effigies of many of her greatest warriors, clad in the very armour which they had worn. If the sight of these vivid images of the heroes of other times, and the memory of their deeds which they recalled, awakened an admiration for the age in which they lived, there were not wanting other objects to qualify it, and turn the

comparison in favour of our own. Among the various weapons possessing historical interest, which are here preserved, is the axe which severed the head of Anna Boleyn. In that age, a queen of England suspected of infidelity, or whose person had ceased to give pleasure to her lord, was decapitated with as little ceremony as a barn-yard fowl in ours. All that is changed; and if an unfaithful or unpalatable queen is to be despatched now, it is only by the mortification of a public trial, and the contemptuous exclusion from the pageant of a coronation.

The regalia of England is preserved in a very massive, strong tower, without windows, and quite dark from without, being lit by a powerful lamp, which exhibits the brilliancy and value of the precious stones. Every thing is admirably arranged for exhibition; the imperial crown, and other of the most precious articles, are turned round, so as to be seen on all sides, by means of an ingenious machinery, touched by the ancient

dame who exhibits them. Comfortable seats, with stuffed cushions, are arranged for the spectators, whence they may sit and listen to the studied oration of the exhibiter, and gloat at their ease over the priceless treasure. After the mournful associations of the tower, there was something wonderfully ludicrous in the discourse of the old show-woman. It was the farce following upon the heels of the tragedy. She has held the same station, and sung the same song, from daylight to dark, during a score of years; it was chanted in a sort of whining recitative, and some parts of it ran as follows:—"This is the golden font what baptizes hall the princes and princesses of the royal family; the hampuler or golden heagle as olds the oly hoil what hanoints the king hat the coronation; the golden fountain what plays the wine at the coronation; the golden saltcellar of state in the form of the White Tower, what stands at the king's table at the coronation; Harmilla, hor bracelets; Cur-

tana, the Sword of Justice and hof Mercy; the Golden Spoon." After an awful pause to prepare for the climax, in a tone of increased earnestness and importance she went on—"This is the Himperial Crown; the pearl upon the top was pawned by Cromwell in Olland for eighteen thousand pounds; the red stone which you see is an uncut ruby of hinesteemable valhew; without the ruby the crown is valued at one million of pounds." Here ended the oration. It was recited in a studied strain, and, by the aid of the euphonious word 'coronation' so frequently recurring, had a most dancing, poetical sound.

I was so greatly amused that, as there happened to be plenty of room, I remained to hear the same song sung over again to the next party. When they were gone, I suggested to my friend the very American idea of selling "the uncut ruby of inestimable value" for the purpose of completing the tunnel. As I expected, the old woman was struck with horror, opening her eyes

and lifting her hands with a lackadaisical expression which was irresistibly ludicrous: yet she spoke not—her ideas seemed to follow only one track—her daily meditations and nightly musings, with the muttered words that reveal the tenour of her dreams, all, doubtless, tell only of the coronation and its regalia.

This, however, like all extreme cases, I found a little beyond the truth, and that there was another idea that vibrated in her mind, and one other song that she was capable of singing to the tune of half-a-crown. Having a particular fondness for putting people in a good humour with their condition, I could not help saying to her, "How happy you are to be able to see all these fine things for nothing every day!" To which she replied, with unexpected sprightliness, "An hi honly got that for my pains hi should be badly hoff!"

Though somewhat shocked at my extraordinary proposition, after all she was a woman;

and when I told her that I was dying for a glass of water, though quite out of her line, she kindly undertook to procure me some, and sent the yeoman who accompanied us to her quarters in quest of it. When I told her, as I took leave, that she had probably saved my life, she quite forgave the previous atrocity of my proposition, although, no doubt, she still looked upon me as a strange, unintelligible fellow, all of which would certainly have seemed obvious and natural enough to her had she but known that I came from a country which, so far from possessing an imperial crown, a golden orb, a sceptre and dove, had not even a curtana, an armilla, or ampulla, or golden eagle, and undertook to transact the gravest affairs without so much as a golden saltcellar of state.

CHAPTER V.

OMNIBUS ADVENTURES.

St. Catharine's Dock — Paddington Omnibus — Party of Passengers—A Blockade — Angel Inn — Pentonville— Adelphi Theatre.

As we were in the neighbourhood of St. Catharine's Dock, the occasion seemed favourable for going to see it, and, at the same time, to take a look at the Hannibal. The St. Catharine's Dock is the most recently-constructed of all the docks of London, having only been opened in 1828, in less than two years from the time of its commencement. It covers a space of twenty-four acres in extent, about half of which forms the artificial harbour in which the vessels float, and the rest is covered by the sheds and ware-

houses that surround it. Every thing was massive and grand in the construction of this vast establishment. The walls of the dock were formed of hewn stones of vast size, while the lofty edifices surrounding it were supported upon cast-iron columns of enormous bulk. The open space below formed a covered shed, under which the cargoes discharged from the vessels adjoining are at once placed under cover from the weather. Here were vessels from all parts of the world; and the cotton, potashes, and turpentine of America, mingled their odours with hides from South America, or the more savoury teas and spices of the East. The buildings that enclose the dock, not only contain extensive warehouses for goods, but the offices connected with the docks themselves, as well as a branch of the custom-house: so that all the business connected with the lading or discharging of a ship may be despatched upon the spot. It struck me as furnishing a striking instance of

the liberal way in which establishments are conducted here, to be told that the secretary of this institution, which is a joint-stock company, established with a view to profit and the beneficial investment of money, was himself a man of fortune, and, moreover, a city knight, who has, in the buildings of the dock, a magnificent suite of rooms, where he entertains the directors in a costly style at the expense of the company, from which he receives, besides, a most liberal salary. These docks are rendered necessary in London by the great rise and fall of the tide, which make it impossible for vessels to float beside the banks of the river, and as an only alternative to discharging and lading with much expense, difficulty, and risk, in the crowded anchorage in the middle of the stream. Some idea may be formed of the extent and magnificence of these works, from the circumstance of St. Catharine's Dock having cost, in the purchase of the ground, the excavation, and constructions, no less a sum than two millions sterling.

Finding our way through a variety of antique thoroughfares to Eastcheap, Lombard-street, and Cornhill, we circumnavigated the Exchange, and deposited ourselves safely in an omnibus, to drive to the neighbourhood of Regent's Park. The cad, who stood, like a parrot on his perch, at the side of the door, was chattering away a collection of set phrases in a nasal style of cockney eloquence. He seemed to know our object ere we were quite sure of it ourselves; and, beckoning in a coaxing and most winning way with his forefinger, very politely invited us to get in. I had frequent occasion afterward to be amused with the very different measure of courtesy which is meted out to the coming and departing passenger, as well as the lofty and independent air which the cads about the Exchange assume in wet weather, when each man, as he enters, is informed that he cannot pass for less than a shilling, instead of the customary sixpence, which is the common fare from the Bank to Paddington.

The omnibus into which we entered was nearly full. Near the door sat—motionless, and intrenched behind an unapproachable dignity, apparently calculated to neutralize the condescension which had induced her to enter so common a conveyance—a thin, starved, prim old maid, who had very much the air of a retired housekeeper, whom business connected with the investment of her spoils of office might have led to the inelegant precincts of Change-alley. There she sat, perpendicularly upright, her sharp knees thrust out at right angles, and pressed together with the fixed resolvedness of a confirmed and uncompromising célibataire. She was evidently determined to move or make room for nobody, and getting by her was very much like what one might fancy a journey among chevaux-de-frise. Presently after came another woman of a certain age, whose wasted face was excessively rouged. She was most flauntingly dressed, having a long pelerine cape depending on either

side from her red silk cloak; her head was covered with a bonnet of not inferior pretension to Jeanie's famed Lunardi, which Burns's verse shews us to have been so awfully desecrated. It was lined with lace, decked with many-coloured and fluttering ribands, and had, on the very summit, instead of the "ugly, creepin', blastit wonner" which the poet apostrophizes, a single ambitious little feather, that stood proudly on end, like a cock when it is about to crow. The elegant lady, whose garments were redolent of musk and mille fleurs, stopped at the threshold, exclaiming, "Where am I to sit? I don't see how I'm to get by." The stiff lady would not budge an inch. The guard, having his number of fourteen complete, closed the door, leaving the difficulty to settle itself, and for only answer crying to the driver, "All right!" The horses started, and the elegant lady came with violence upon the stiff one, clawing her bonnet in the effort to save herself. I felt sure that there was

to be a fight, and was grieved to the heart to find that there was to be no scattering of false hair and ribands. A benevolent and fat citizen endeavoured to make himself thin for her sake, and contrived to squeeze her in beside him. And so we set forward.

We were not, however, doomed to proceed far on our way thus happily. As we turned into Coleman-street, there was already the beginning of one of those blockades or embarrassments of which I had already seen many in my short rambles through the city. Our driver, instead of waiting where he was, pressed forward, blocked the pass, and rendered the entanglement complete. It was a confused mass of ponderous carts and waggons, of immense ambulatory advertisers, huge skeleton houses covered with handbills, mimic steam-boats with funnels mounted upon wheels, and pasted with placards of packets from Dover and Southampton; there were hackney-coaches and cabs, donkey-chaises,

and the cart of an unfortunate cats'-meat merchant, whose unhappy coadjutors, a couple of greasy dogs, terrified, and with their tails between their legs, sought refuge from the crash and confusion by crawling stealthily with their vehicle under the ambulatory advertiser, in the hope of finding protection under its shadow. Loud and angry voices began to be heard in curses and recrimination on every side; there was likely to be a general crash, succeeded by a fight. The stiff lady continued to look dignified; the dashing lady, terrified by the noise, the uproar, and the possibility of a catastrophe, began to sicken with apprehension, and partly, perhaps, with her own perfumes. She made known her condition to the benevolent citizen beside her, and begged to be permitted to approach the door. The scene approached its climax of confusion and absurdity, and I was delighted. Just then a policeman stepped up and looked into the matter. There was a stout

gentleman immediately before us, whose hearty condition did not protect him from impatience; he sat bolt upright in a little gig, grasping his whip with energy, and grating his teeth, as if he had courage sufficient to drive the little pony that drew him over every obstacle that opposed his progress to his suburban box, where, at a given hour and minute, awaited his expecting rib, and the customary joint of mutton. The policeman, without asking leave of the choleric citizen, very quietly took the pony by the head, and drew pony, gig, and gentleman high and dry upon the side-walk. He then caused our omnibus to advance to the left, and made room for a clamorous drayman to pass us. This was a stout fellow, in blue frock, breeches, and hob-nailed shoes, with a well-fed, florid, beer-drinking physiognomy. He was not satisfied with simply getting by, but paused a moment to vent his abuse against the omnibuses. He addressed the policeman in a somewhat threatening tone—

"Why ar'n't you made that homnibus keep back? Theys want smashing;" and, seeing me smile with delight at the comic oddity of the scene, he shook his head angrily, and whip at the same time, as he presently added, "and them as rides in um as well!" As he passed across our stern, he gave a practical illustration of his idea, by causing his heavy hind wheel to come in contact with our projecting step, so as to carry off a part of it, and give the whole vehicle a fearful twitch, which brought the elegant lady's heart into her mouth, and her luncheon with it, and even sent a tremour over the rigid frame of her stiff antagonist.

The press now began to diminish, and the possibility of ultimate escape to dawn upon us. The opposite lines of vehicles got slowly into motion; the citizen, placed upon the shelf so unceremoniously, came down from his dignified station, and cracked his whip with renewed impatience. The dogs of the cats'-meat merchant

stole out from their retreat under the ambulatory advertiser, and gradually raised their tails with an air of recovered importance; and we, following in our turn, released ourselves at length dexterously from the press, and went on our way rejoicing.

Soon we came to Finsbury Square,—the scene of urban grandeur in past times, where merchants first conceived the idea of living apart from their counting-houses; now, with the growth of more fashionably ambitious views, abandoned to inferior traders and dependants of commerce, for the fresher glories of the West End. Presently we entered the City Road, passing the turnpike gate, one of a complete series that surrounds the capital, occasioning a delay and inconvenience to travellers which the stranger is apt to think might be advantageously obviated without detriment to the excellent condition of the roads,—at all events within the immediate precincts of the metropolis,—by some

other species of taxation of less inconvenient collection.

Passing the vast warehouses in which goods are deposited for transportation by the canal for the interior, which reaches the place by means of a tunnel excavated under the surface, and without loss of valuable ground, we came at length to the Angel Inn, situated at the fork of several roads leading to the north of England, and wellnigh as great a thoroughfare and halting-place as the Elephant and Castle, at the opposite extremity, by which I had, a few days before, entered London. Here the passing was prodigious, and the movement and activity unbounded.

We halted here a few minutes to set down and take up passengers; and so again on the New Road at King's Cross, and Tottenham Corner. The time of stopping at each place was three minutes; and persons were stationed on the spot to take note of the time, and

compel each driver to go on the moment another had arrived to replace him. It was the object of each to remain at the station as long as possible, so as to leave as much space as might be between his predecessor and himself, and increase the chances of finding passengers to pick up. Hence the motive for driving through quick, to dislodge the antecedent, which they accordingly do at a most furious pace, to the infinite terror of whatever lies in the way. Hence, also, frequent contentions with each other, and quarrels with the police. The papers were daily filled with accounts of outrages committed by omnibus ruffians, as they were familiarly and habitually called. With a view to abate this nuisance, an act of Parliament had been passed, authorizing the police to take into custody, without lodging a complaint, the drivers of any public vehicles which might be found obstructing the king's highway.

Soon after, I saw an account of two drivers of omnibuses having been taken into custody at the King's Cross, and fined forty shillings each under this act. The next day there was a most amusing notice of the manner in which the same two individuals contrived to break the law, interfere with the public convenience, and yet to avoid the infliction of the penalty. To do this, they actually came upon the ground chained fast to their boxes, and secured with padlocks; and when the police attempted to arrest them, they laughed them to scorn, and shook their chains at them.

"Set me down at Maiden Lane!" said the stiff lady, with an air of authority. "This is the very place," said the driver, stopping his horses. She stumbled to the door, trampling upon those in the way, and commenced expostulating with the cad. "I can't get out in this here mud." The omnibus remained quiet, and the worthy resident of Maiden

Lane, having fumbled and hunted her pocket, at length drew forth a reluctant sixpence, and went off grumbling and muttering, casting scornful and vindictive glances at the departing vehicle, as she surveyed her soiled shoes and draggled finery.

As we drove through this part of London, which is called Pentonville, it began to improve greatly in appearance. The smoke was much less dense, and the atmosphere of a less artificial character. The houses were of more recent construction, and were frequently built in terraces, on a uniform plan, standing back from the road, and having an enclosed and planted space of ground in front, for the recreation of the neighbouring inmates. Here, too, were a number of public buildings, though none of them possessed any particular beauty. There was one, however, of great pretension, which particularly attracted my attention. This was the church of St Pan-

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cras. It was in a classical taste, finely executed in Portland stone. In its details it was very beautiful. The body of the church was simple, well-proportioned, and elegant; the portico, sustained upon six Ionic columns, was strikingly beautiful; the projecting wings at the extremity, containing the vestry-room and registry, were pleasing objects in themselves; and the steeple was, singly considered, graceful and very elegant. I was not astonished to hear that the church itself was imitated from an Athenian temple, as also the steeple, which is copied from the Temple of the Winds, in the same city. This church was a singular instance, how in architecture a displeasing and monstrous whole may be produced, by the blending of discordant and inharmonious beauties. Each part of this edifice, when separately considered, was beautiful, yet the whole was offensive to the eye.

That night I went to the Adelphi Theatre,

to see a number of small pieces in the style of the French vaudevilles. They were no fewer than four in number. One of them was the Rake and his Pupil, which was full of triumphant vice, and the Butterfly's Ball, which was a tissue of folly and absurdity of the most consummate kind. There was also a melodrame, entitled Grace Huntley, which I beheld with great interest, because it was true to nature, and evidently a faithful picture of manners; possibly the mere dramatizing of something which had actually occurred within the knowledge of the author of the piece. The story is as follows:—

Grace Huntley is a sweet, interesting, sensitive girl, who becomes attached to a vicious village hero, who has already made some progress in the career of vice. Her father, knowing the character of Joseph Huntley, for such is his name, and being devoted to his daughter, whose happiness is the sole

care of his heart, forbids her to think of him, or ever to see him again. She promises to obey her father's injunctions; but having previously granted a rendezvous to Joseph in her own house at midnight, which is a very customary moral of the English stage, she cannot forego her desire to see and embrace him for the last time. She opens the door, as had been concerted, and Joseph enters, introducing at the same time one Sandy Smith, a notorious ruffian, with whom he had planned the robbery of the father's property, consisting chiefly in a casket of gold. After a very tender interview in the dark, and the customary quantity of kissing and dalliance for the benefit of the audience, Huntley takes his leave. She closes the door and retires. The ruffian Smith now comes forth, a specimen of the cold-blooded, heartless English thief, with appropriate slang about lush, blunt, and the like. Huntley had given him information where the

treasure was to be found, a secret which he had previously extracted from his confiding mistress. He forces the drawer, possesses himself of the casket, and is about retiring, when the aged man, hearing a noise, comes forth and seizes the thief as he is about escaping through the window. They struggle a moment together, and Grace's father falls, stabbed to the heart by the ruffian. Grace enters to see the consequences of her disobedience in admitting her lover, and of course the scene is sufficiently deplorable.

There is now an interval of some years, and Grace, who is represented as a model of female delicacy and virtue, and in whose favour the sympathies are enlisted without any qualification, appears as the wife of Huntley, the man who had caused the murder of her doting father. They are the parents of a lad who is now eight years old. Her property had been wasted; she is in a wretched state of

want; a neglected, care-worn, heart-broken, yet still fond and affectionate woman. Her husband leaves her for days together to go forth marauding; he rejects the proffered kindness with which she greets his return, and, not content with thus requiting her affection to himself, he robs her of the attachment and allegiance of her child, and seduces him away to assist him in his career of crime.

Sandy Smith, the associate villain, now appears again upon the scene. They have a plot for the robbery of a neighbouring squire. The child is necessary to its execution, he being able, from his size, to pass through a grated window, and open the door within for their admission. The mother, who suspects the nature of the project, expostulates with her husband about the vicious inclinations and waning affections of her son, who is now more than half seduced from his duty to her. He pushes her from him in

disdain, swearing that she shall yet have the satisfaction of seeing her son end his days on the gallows. The rogues elude the mother's watchfulness; the child himself deceives her, by appearing to be asleep; and presently she finds that he is gone. She is now half distracted with apprehension and horror. She rushes forth in the midst of a violent storm. Directing her steps to a solitary hut, which is the lair of Smith, she discovers, through a cleft in the door, Smith and Huntley concealing some plate and other spoil, assisted by her child. The sight overpowers her, and she rushes madly away.

There is now a violent struggle between her still fondly lingering love for her husband, and her affection for her child. The threat that she should see him hanging still rings in her ears, and she already fancies it realized. The maternal feeling prevails over all else. She goes to a justice of the peace, and denounces her hus-

band and his associate, claiming only forgiveness for her child. Here is a trial, and a succession of deplorable scenes. Huntley is found guilty on the testimony of his wife, and the child liberated. She falls at the feet of her husband, pleads her interest in her boy, and begs for his forgiveness. He curses and spurns her. At length, however, to relieve the strained sensibilities of the audience, he is made to relent. There is a reconciliation. She tells him how she will nurture and train to virtue the child of their affection; and in the midst of a most pathetic parting, ventures to put forth the hope that they may yet meet and be happy in that distant land to which he was exiled. It would not have been poetical to name that land—which was, of course, no other than Botany Bay.

Such briefly was this piece, to which a perfectly natural performance gave a striking character of reality, winding the feelings up to a painful pitch of excitement. My readers can

judge for themselves both of the good taste and the moral tendency of exhibitions such as these. Let us hope, that in imitating a stage from which we borrow alike the pieces and those who are to perform them, some pains may be taken to exclude from our theatres such dramas as Grace Huntley, which have no reference to any state of manners existing among us; which tend to familiarize the mind with crime, and exhibit life in its most atrocious forms; and which select vice for their theme, instead of seeking inspirations in the beauty and loveliness of virtue.

CHAPTER VI.

SUNDAY IN LONDON.

Church—Drive to Hyde Park—Apsley House—The Park—Equipages—Air of the Groups—Zoological Gardens—A Melancholy Monkey.

The next day, being Sunday, I went to church, directing my steps towards the venerable temple of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. Once a suburban parish church, it is now in one of the densest quarters of London, with the town extending for miles in every direction. The door was defended by fat beadles, with laced hats and cloaks, and heavy maces, who had the same occupation of keeping order among mischief-making urchins as is assigned to the less richly-dressed and

portly heroes of the rattan who perform the same office in our country. A female pew-opener conducted me with great civility to an unoccupied seat, having in mind the customary sixpennyworth of gratification which was to be the reward of her courtesy.

There was very little difference in the services here from what I had been accustomed to in the Episcopal churches of my own country. I noticed a little more variety in the costume, occasioned by the caps and badges, which gave evidence of university rank and honours. There was simply the prayer for the weal of the state, in which "Our sovereign lord the King" occurred instead of "the President," which the change in our government has rendered necessary for us to substitute. The worship was performed with solemnity, and the responses were perhaps more generally made by the congregation than with us. I noticed that every one, in entering the pew, hid his head in

his hat for a moment, and was, or seemed to be, absorbed in a short preparatory prayer. Perhaps there was somewhat more of a professional air in the clergymen, as if what they were doing was in the way of business, for which they were sufficiently paid, rather than a work of predilection. The females were not so well dressed, and the men perhaps better, than they would have been with us. There was less intelligence in the general cast of countenance than would have been found probably in an American congregation of the same number; but there was a decidedly greater prevailing air of health, an appearance of less thought and care, and altogether a more happy and cheerful aspect.

In the afternoon, one of my countrymen, residing in London, came to drive me to Hyde Park. Passing down Pall Mall, we came to St. James's Palace, which I had not yet seen. It is of dingy brick, with Elizabethan windows irregularly scattered about the front, and having a

Gothic portal, flanked by octagonal towers. It is alike destitute of grace, elegance, and grandeur; and perhaps it is impossible anywhere to see a palace having less the air of one. In turning up St. James's-street, there were many club-rooms whose external appearance was far more imposing. There were a few stray fashionables lingering about the doors; and some tall, fine-looking officers of the Guards, whose companies were doubtless on duty at the Palace.

Turning down Piccadilly, we found ourselves in the full whirl of one of the greatest of the London thoroughfares. An army of coaches and omnibuses were drawn up about a famous booking office, which was pointed out to me as the noted White Horse Cellar. Beyond, were some fine mansions of the rich and great, which looked out on as disagreeable a scene of noise, confusion, and dust, as ever Broadway could lay claim to. In front, however, the Green Park was in view, extending itself in a succession

of groves and lawns, and tending, in some degree, to qualify what was disagreeable in the situation.

Presently we reached the entrance to Hyde Park. Here, at the corner, stands Apsley House, the town mansion of the Duke of Wellington. It has a pediment and colonnade in front, which, with other architectural ornaments, tend rather to disfigure than embellish it,—as it is wanting in just proportions, has a very stilted look, and is shaped very much like a common dwelling. It is well placed, however, for the residence of a distinguished individual, who has been so conspicuously before the public as the noble inmate. It overlooks both the Green and Hyde Park, which are here entered by imposing triumphal arches, and commands a view in the latter of the colossal statue of Achilles, cast from cannon captured in the Peninsula, and dedicated to the duke and his companions in arms by their countrywomen.

There is, however, an imperious obstacle to the illustrious soldier's contemplating this tribute of national gratitude, in the shape of bullet-proof blinds, which were affixed to all the windows of Apsley House, for the protection of the inmates from popular violence, at the time when the public mind was agitated by the question of Parliamentary reform, of which the iron duke was the strenuous opposer. The very residence which the gratitude of his countrymen had either bestowed on him or enabled him to purchase, then required to be fortified to protect his life against their fury. It was a singular instance of the durability and value of popular applause, that the individual who had shed the first glory on the British arms that they had known on land since the days of Marlborough, after having been raised, by the universal acclamation of a whole admiring nation, to the first place, as a subject, in rank, honour, and public estimation, should, without the commission of any crime,

without any stretch of authority, and for the simple maintenance of that right of opinion which the constitution permitted to him, find himself, after an interval of a few years, so much the object of public rage and detestation as to need such a protection for his life in the sanctuary of his fireside.

Hyde Park is not a very attractive place in itself, considered as a public promenade. It is a naked plain, almost entirely destitute of undulation and variety, and having few trees. There are some fine mansions adjoining it, and the Serpentine, with its bridges, produces a pleasing effect; but, on the whole, it is greatly inferior both to St. James's and Regent's Park, though a much more fashionable resort than either.

It was not the gay season in London, and I remembered well the decision of the ladies' maids on the coach from Gravesend, that there was absolutely nobody in town. Yet here was an immense crowd of well-dressed people filling

every avenue, and thousands of fine equipages passing each other in parallel files. Here, too, were well-mounted horsemen, followed by not less well-mounted grooms, and quantities of city worthies, clerks and apprentices doubtless, scuffling and labouring hard with unfortunate hackneys, which, if they were superior to those "old hair trunks" which it was the doom of the gay and sprightly Fanny to honour with her gentle pressure on our transatlantic shores, were yet not so much so as to conceal their connexion with the same ill-starred fraternity, the public's horses, in all countries.

The scene, while it reminded me of similar ones in Madrid, Naples, Milan, Lima, or Havana, presented striking differences, growing out of national character. In all these places the company seemed to be known to each other, and to have come together full of life and spirits, and the determination to be pleased. The nods of recognition, the graceful beckoning of the

fan or fingers, the brightening eye, and the passing word of salutation, exchanged with warmth and kindness; all, as I thought of them, brought vividly to my mind the charms of the *paseo*. Hyde Park, on the contrary, though excelling in the magnificence of the equipages, the liveries, and the horses, everything of the sort I had ever seen, was, if one looked to the countenances of the assistants, a scene of gloom and despondency. The crowd seemed to have come forth, not in search of joy, but to parade its ennuis. It was a collection of sullen looks and care-worn countenances. None seemed to know each other, and there was no gay interchange of sprightly recognition.

Something of this may have been owing to the enormous size of the capital, of which this was the gathering; but more to the prevailing absence of sociality, and to the distinction of classes and the various shades of respectability, as numerous as the individuals laying claim to

it. Many, doubtless, who were proud to claim each other as friends in the avenues of the Exchange the day before, now, skilled in all the arts of cutting as practised in this country, of which it is the classic land, contrived to be looking in some other direction as they approached an acquaintance whose recognition might ruin them, or else to stare at him with a vacant, unconscious gaze. Perhaps the most striking cause of the gloom and solemnity of this scene of amusement might be found, after all, in the musing and contemplative character of our race, and might equally be noticed on similar occasions in our own country. We have little of that gushing flow of spirits and exuberant desire to be pleased which characterize so many other people. We are grave, solemn, and reflective in the midst of our sports, and are apt to carry with us to scenes of festivity that melancholy and musing mood which is the prevailing habit of our minds.

Leaving this glittering yet disheartening scene, we drove to the Regent's Park. The press had been so great at the place we had just left, that it seemed as though all the world were there assembled. Yet here it was scarce inferior. Crowds of carriages and led horses surrounded the Zoological Gardens, in attendance upon those who were engaged in the favourite Sunday amusement of London, — a visit to the wild beasts. In the gay season it is perhaps the most fashionable resort of the metropolis; and I have seen, at the same time, dukes and marquises, a prime minister, a lord high chancellor, and distinguished leaders of the opposition, deposing their grandeurs, their cares of state, and brooding intrigues and aspirations after office, to gather quietly round, and witness peaceably together, the manœuvres of the cameleopard and the rhinoceros, or the bathing of the elephant.

This is an institution which had its origin

in that spirit of association which has achieved so much in England. At the end of a very few years it already exceeds what royal munificence has only been able to accomplish in a succession of reigns in a neighbouring capital. The payment of a trifling subscription, by many people, has led to the creation of a beautiful garden, of a tasteful and pleasing arrangement, such as is peculiar to this country. Specimens of rare, curious, and beautiful animals have been collected from every corner of the world, and the study of the structure, character, and habits of what is most interesting in the works of the Creator is thus rendered easy and entertaining to the young. The arrangement of the species is made with great care and order, and many of the animals are lodged in rustic cottages, in the style of the country from which they came. Here, too, are strange exotic plants; so that a walk through this garden is in some measure like a rapid journey over the world.

In order to connect two portions of the garden lying on different sides of the public road, without the inconvenience of traversing it, there is a beautiful tunnel, which carries the footway tastefully beneath it. Everything, in short, about this establishment, which might be repeated in the neighbourhood of any of our large cities, if the taste and public spirit were not wanting, is of a finished and perfect character.

Among all the animals here collected, the monkeys were, as usual, the decided favourites, in attracting both little children and those who were full grown. So far as my own tastes go, they are to me the most disgusting of animals. I cannot understand the pleasure which is found in such pets as these, and should as soon think of making a companion of a monkey, as of the individual who could be gratified by such an association. To say nothing of its odour, which should be enough to satisfy ordinary sensibility,

I cannot endure it for its resemblance to man. When I look at one, and watch its movements, so like our own, the way in which it uses its fingers, evinces affection, or nurses its young, and, above all, when I study its countenance, in which intelligence and inquiry may be detected, or pleasure and pain, expressing themselves by smiles and frowns, just as in the human face divine, it almost seems to me as if nature had been seized with an excess of ridicule and satire, and humbled itself to the taste of caricaturing humanity. May not this be meant to inculcate a lesson of humility, by shewing us, that with all our god-like qualities, we are, after all, but a better order of monkeys?

There was here one large baboon which more particularly attracted my attention, and which I looked on with even more horror than that general aversion I have described. He was a

solitary and fierce monkey, shut up by himself, quite alone, and devoured by ennui. When I first discovered him he was sitting musing, and with a most misanthropic Rousseau-Byronic expression, in a corner of his cell. If it had been lawful for a baboon to quote poetry, I am sure he would have broken forth into the exclamation—

> "Forced from home and all its treasures,
> Afric's coast I left forlorn;
> To increase a stranger's treasures,
> On the raging billows borne.
> Men from England bought and sold me,
> Paid my price in paltry gold;
> But, though slave they have enrolled me,
> Minds are never to be sold."

I do not think, though, he could have had the heart to utter this, lest it should have been the means of getting up a monkey mania, and putting this unfortunate country to the expense of another twenty millions' worth of generosity, for

the emancipation of monkeys. He would, perhaps, rather have been satisfied to exclaim—

> " It must be so; why, else, have I this sense
> Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
> Why else to walk on two so oft essayed,
> And why this ardent passion for a maid?"

This not being permitted, he was content to look it, which he did every line and letter, together with other things unutterable. Presently he began to kick the straw about, like a miserable bachelor lying on his back, and tossing the clothes about for the want of more agreeable pastime. Then he seemed to come to a little, rose, picked the straw off his person, ran his fingers through his hair, and made his toilet. Now he seemed better pleased with himself, and looked along his figure admiringly. A wooden ball had been given him to beguile the tedium of existence. This he now threw against the side of his house, and caught, and threw again—

having a very quiet little game of fives to himself. But the effort to struggle against his cares and be gay was evidently an abortive one; he presently relapsed into melancholy, and the satanic mood came over him again. Catching the idle toy that was given to him in the place of creature comforts, he bit it with rage and vexation, then threw it down, tore his hair with both hands, and actually looked round as if for something to commit suicide. I feel morally sure that if at that moment I had handed him my open penknife, he would have carried it at once to his jugular. His rage seemed to overpower him; and he sank helpless in the corner, covering himself with straw to shut out a hateful world and its impertinent observation. Such was the gnawing misanthropy of the melancholy monkey. No one could resist the hardship of his case, to be thus condemned without crime to solitary confinement—or, in comparing the re-

cluse with those so little his superiors in "charms and excellence," who hovered about as spectators, walking upright, with wives upon their arms, could venture to deny that, with reason on his side—

"Poor pug might plead, and call his gods unkind,
Till set on end, and married to his mind."

CHAPTER VII.

NOVEMBER IN LONDON.

Rainy Streets—Adventures in the Mud—A cats'-meat Merchant—Umbrellas—Labour Exchange—Conversation of Workies—R. D. Owen.

HITHERTO the weather had been very fine, not only since my arrival in London, but also since our approach to the English coast, nearly a fortnight before. The wind had generally blown from the south, bringing with it a mild and balmy air, which compared most advantageously with what was doubtless the prevailing temperature at the time in the lower latitude of my own country. The atmosphere, though not cloudy, was yet not clear; an imperceptible film, which

I afterward found to be the attendant of even the brightest English day, was spread in a gauze-like veil over the heavens. Through it the dim sun struggled; and as he performed a small section of a circle far in the southern horizon for his prescribed course, looked down with tempered and languid gaze upon the landscape. Though there was a dulness in the climate as it thus exhibited itself, yet there was also something calm, melancholy, and contemplative in it which harmonized with my feelings. I had almost begun to doubt in the existence of those fogs and showers with which London was associated in my imagination. Now, however, the scene was to be changed; a new week was to introduce a new system; and London was to exhibit itself in all the horrors of its November attire.

On Monday morning it was only by the aid of a light that I could contrive to make my toilet; and on descending to the coffee-room,

the like aid was not unwelcome in discussing breakfast and the newspaper. If there were much that was sad and gloomy in the scene within doors, the spectacle from the windows was most deplorable. The street ran down with rain and mud, through which, clogged, coated, and overshadowed by his umbrella, stepped forth the Englishman. Just before the door stood a dirt-cart, to which were harnessed two wet and disconsolate-looking horses. Some men, dressed in tarpaulin clothes, were shovelling the mud into their cart, where it floated, a stagnant pool. Hard by was a coal-waggon, with its attendant colliers, engaged in carrying the fuel in bags to a poulterer's opposite. The rain had made some impression upon their blackened faces, leaving them streaked in the same unseemly way as the statues on the front of St. Paul's, and giving a singular and demoniac expression to their countenances and glaring eyes. There were quantities of women clatter-

ing over the pavements in iron clogs, and not a few thieves and adventurers in greasy black coats, from which the rain turned without effect, save where a rent left the skin visible.

The spectacle without was gloomy enough; the coffee-room was still and solemn as some death-bed scene, and the newspapers served only to carry out the one impression of despair which was stamped on everything. One of the first paragraphs that struck my eye was a list of suicides. There were no fewer than three, in which the weapon had been a razor; and two of the self-murderers were women. Having remained in the coffee-room some hours, gazing in utter hopelessness in the fire,—for my own room proving to smoke badly, I had been obliged to discontinue the fire there,—I at length grew weary, and determined to go out in search of distraction, and in the hope of killing a little time. So, enveloping myself in my cloak, I went forth and strolled along the colonnade.

Every thing wore an air of inexpressible gloom. The houses of unpainted brick were half hidden at their topmost stories by the canopy of smoke, fog, and rain which overhung the scene. It did not rain with that earnestness and energy common in our climate, which conveys the idea of a thing to be done, as a matter of business, and despatched with business-like rapidity, but in a deliberate, cold-blooded way, as if it might continue on thus for ever, without exhausting its capacities to curse and to annoy. An eternal dripping fell from every object; and the Royal Perambulating Advertiser, which happened to pass like a moving house, stuck round with newly-printed placards, shed big inky tears, and seemed about to dissolve with grief. The enormous waggons, piled high with merchandize, were covered with huge tarpaulins, and the horses that drew them, as well as the drivers, were decked in garments of the same gloomy and desperate-looking

material. Every man, except myself, was the bearer of an umbrella. The women, too, dashed through the mud with a courage above their sex; holding in one hand the umbrella, in the other their shortened garments, they strode fearlessly on, transferring the mud from one leg to the other, until all was blackness.

Nor was it permitted to rest satisfied with such a share of mud as came within the compass of one's own gleanings, aided by such little acquisitions as were to be received from the tread of others. The coaches and cabs, rushing through the black rivers with which each street ran down, scattered it from their wheels like rays from so many miry suns, whose business it was to give out mud and misery, instead of vivifying heat and light. The ruffianly drivers of these seemed to have a thorough contempt for all pedestrians; and instead of admiring them for the courage and hardihood with which they trudged on, sought purposely to

assist in draggling them, with a view to discourage the inelegant practice of walking. There was a strange confusion of substances. Every thing seemed to lose its identity, dissolve, and become mingled together; the atmosphere was a mixture of rain, smoke, exhalations, and mud, set in motion by so many wheels; the macadamized streets, mixed into a sickening decoction, formed vast quagmires, dead and despondent seas, in which one would expect to flounder, and sink, and expire, ignobly suffocated, with the prospect of being shovelled into a scrapings-cart, and there terminating one's career "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

To walk in the mud is a bad thing at any rate; and when one is wholly unaccustomed to it, it becomes awful indeed. It creates a feeling of melancholy dissatisfaction, not unlike what a hitherto honourable man might feel the first time that misfortune, the pressure of circumstances and his own weakness, had led him to

humble himself to the commission of a mean action. Thus reasoning, I ploughed my way through it like the rest. From having seen the carriages keep to the left in my drive from Gravesend, I fancied that the rule must be the same for footmen. But I got on very badly with it. At each instant I was justled and knocked out of my course; and a great Welsh milk-woman, with red face, fat cheeks, and a figure running out everywhere into redundancies, as I was feasting my eyes on the spectacle of such prodigal charms, wellnigh stove a hole through my shoulder with the sharp corner of her milk-yoke. The gallantry which would not expire under so unkind a cut must be glowing indeed.

Misfortunes never come singly. I was traversing the open space leading to Charing Cross; just behind me came a female vender of old joints and broken meat, with her merchandize in a wheelbarrow. I stopped a moment to

gaze at the lion over the Duke of Northumberland's palace, which, in the misty atmosphere, loomed singularly, and stood forth in strong relief, with a strange air of reality. The wheelbarrow struck against my heel, making me step quickly a-head, stooping at the same time from the pain. This brought my cloak on the ground; and the wheelbarrow continuing to pursue me, fairly took me prisoner. The little dog harnessed beneath the barrow, though sheltered in some sort from the weather, was yet wet, soiled, and looking in all respects uncomfortable, and impatient to finish the day's work and get home. He struggled hard, barked and snarled at my heels, and seemed indisposed to recede. The woman, seeing that there was no progress to be made in that direction with such an obstacle in the way, moderated the ardour of her canine auxiliary, drew back her barrow, and released me, following her course, not however without a slight bestowal of Billingsgate, of

which she shot off a broadside as she ranged past me.

Henceforth my fears were only for wheel-barrows. I looked round, saw none, and was safe. I turned again to gaze at the lion, when I was aroused by a rush of wheels and a shout. Two omnibuses were descending the hill, side by side, and at a rattling pace; a flight of inferior vehicles hovered on their flanks, and it was quite evident that I was likely to be hemmed in. Turning to escape in the opposite direction, I saw that there too I was equally cut off. There was a brewer's cart, drawn by enormous horses, which was close upon me, and a magnificent equipage, the panels of which were completely covered with armorial bearings; presently the blockade was rendered complete by a swift cab coming directly at me, whose wo-begone horse was trotting fiercely, as if it were his last race, and he had leave to die and escape from all his troubles when he had won it. How to escape,

and where to go, was now the question. I looked in vain in search of any outlet, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing left for me but to choose my death.

To die by an omnibus or a cab were to die ingloriously; the newspapers could have told a story of the sort any day the last week. It would be far more honourable to be trampled into the mud by the aristocratic heels of the prancing steeds, which were already close upon me. As a last and only chance, I determined, upon philosophic principles, to trust to the magnanimity of the largest animal I could see. I swung myself under the neck of the brewer's horse, which was too noble to step on me; encouraged by this reception, I kept beside his head, making a tower of strength of him, and thus I managed to reach an open place and escape to the side-walk alive. It was reasonable enough that I should recollect the proud equipage which had been so near crushing

me. I saw it afterward in Hyde Park on a Sunday, and it was pointed out to me as belonging to a noted brewer; so that, after all, my choice of deaths had not been so various as I imagined.

I slunk home, nervous, covered with mud, and miserable, feeling very much as a dog might be supposed to do, which, being badly hung by some malicious urchins, contrives to worry himself loose, and escapes home with the rope about his neck, and looking very dejected. I determined, if I lived to see another day, that I would become, what I never yet had been, the possessor of an umbrella, and substitute an upper benjamin for the embarrassing folds of my Spanish capa. In my professional pursuits the use of an umbrella was preposterous; and in the climate of my own country it rains so seldom, that to a man of leisure, having no business avocations to call him inauspiciously into the open air, the umbrella is also a useless and disagreeable

encumbrance. But in England the case is otherwise; and a man without an umbrella is as incomplete as a man without a nose.

Having seen in a morning paper an advertisement of Robert Owen, convoking a meeting that day for the purpose of taking into consideration the condition of the working classes, and reducing the length of the working-day to six hours, for which full wages were to be given, I determined to drive to the place of meeting, which was the National Equitable Labour Exchange. This is an establishment which had its origin in the imagination of Mr. Owen; the object of it being to enable the producer of any article—a pair of shoes for instance—to exchange it for some other article which he does not produce, but wants for his own use; by this means relieving the workman from the tyranny of the master, and securing him a fair participation in the fruits of his own labour. If he do not want to take any article in return for what

he deposits, he receives its value in bills of the association, which I imagine are not very current beyond its own walls.

At the entrance to the hall, I found a collection of books for sale, and, on turning to look at their titles, I found that instead of works on political or domestic economy, and calculated to promote industry and thrift, such, for instance, as the admirable writings of Dr. Franklin, which I look upon as containing the most wholesome nutriment that can be offered to the minds of the poor, they were entirely of an atheistical character, and directed against the Christian religion; among them, Paine's Age of Reason occupied a conspicuous place; and there were many tracts of Mr. Owen, and other modern imitators of that arch apostle of infidelity. If I were already indisposed to believe in the feasibility of Mr. Owen's system, this doubt was not a little increased by finding myself met, at the very threshold, by that which went to remove

the comforts, the consolations, and the restraints of a religion which is the poor man's best friend.

The edifice, appropriated to the Labour Exchange during the week, and to lectures and anti-religious orgies on the Sabbath, was as singular in its construction as in its uses. It was of oblong form, having a gallery running completely around it, and a skylight roof above. At one extremity of the gallery was the place of the speakers, who stand against the railing, in sight of those ranged in the galleries, on either hand, or in the court below. Here was a table with books, round which the reporters of the London papers were assembled, to note the proceedings and take down the speeches.

There was an immense crowd of the unwashed already assembled; their faces, hands, and bodily conformation indicating their peculiar line of labour. Some were in their holiday clothes; others had evidently just escaped from their benches, having their aprons twisted up

and stuck through the drawing-string. The air was redolent of gin, beer, leather, and the various commodities with which they were respectively conversant. Their conversation was of trades' unions, initiation, of nobs and dungs, that is, recusant individuals of their fraternities who refused to affiliate. They spoke very angrily of the Times newspaper, as being against the working men, and the partisan of rich persecution.

I was not a little amused with the conversation of a little shoemaker who sat near me. He was very short, owing to his legs being out of all proportion to his body, and not having been properly developed, from the sedentary nature of his occupation, and that of his ancestors through many generations. He had on a white corded jacket, rather darkened by his trade, breeches, and an imperfectly-filled pair of worsted stockings. He was pock-marked,—and a scald, which had rendered him blear-eyed, and scarified one side of his face, shewed how neglected had been

his childhood, and added to the general expression of vulgarity, recklessness, and vice which was stamped upon his countenance. To complete the catalogue of his personal charms, there was about him a very unpleasant flavour of shoemakers' wax and leather, which made him less endurable even than the highly-perfumed inmate of the omnibus. His speech, which he presently addressed to a neighbouring friend, was comformable. "I say, Bill, if we works four hours a day, I don't see why it ar'n't is much is they as her right to expect. We had a famous meetin last night; we filiated up to ninety. If we could unite with the tailors, we'd be main powerful; but the darn stitchlouses are too ristocratic; they're worse, all hollow, nor the Ouse o' Lords. They think as they're better nor hus; and undertakes to turn their noses up at a cobbler."

Here Mr. Owen made his appearance, and was received with unbounded applause; my worthy little cobbling orator being among the

most vociferous. He was a rather tall, big-boned man, well enough dressed, but somewhat slouching in his appearance. His face was singularly ill-formed; the forehead receding very suddenly, and the whole contour of the head indicating a deficiency of both animal and moral qualities. His chin was sharp and protruding; and the style as well as the expression, of his face reminded me most strikingly of an unusually-ugly monkey, which I had seen the day before in the Zoological Garden. His arms were piled with bundles of pamphlets, to which he was about to refer, many of them written by himself, and a huge folio report of a committee of the House of Commons on the condition of the working classes. I had heard of the venerable appearance of the sage and the philanthropist of Lanark; but as he now entered the room, groaning under this immense weight of learning, and filled with self-complacency, and tickled at the reception which the tatterdema-

lions gave him, that caused him to grin and shew his teeth most absurdly, he presented a most ludicrous spectacle.

His style of eloquence was not of a very ambitious kind. It consisted of all the startling truisms which have been uttered at various times on the same subject by cleverer men than Mr. Owen, and which he now strung together with as little art as might be,—his language being vulgar and slovenly, and his pronunciation bad. When he fancied he had made a good hit, he would stop for applause; and when it came, grin back a responsive recognition. Sometimes there seemed to be a difference of opinion between him and his audience as to the expediency of cheering. Once, when a few cried "Hear!" one near me hissed, as if to stop the interruption; another beside him corrected him by saying, "Don't hiss, he is waiting for it." I think this anecdote decidedly illustrative of the man; and am convinced, from what I saw of him, not

having previously heard this foible ascribed to him, that an overweening vanity is at the bottom of all his extravagances, and that, not being capable of attracting the attention of men of sense and education, he is content to surround himself with the vulgar rabble, and be, at an easy rate, a great man among them, receiving their applause in return for his stupid ravings.

In the course of his address he was saying, what is indeed very true, that the power was all wielded by the rich in England. "But," he continued, "we will take it away from them." Here he was interrupted by overpowering applause. When he could be heard, he added, "but peaceably, not forcibly." This qualifying sentiment was not so well received. I noticed, however, one starved, thin-legged conspirator, apparently wholly unfitted for the stern arbitration of club-law, who seemed mightily to approve of the peaceful mode of redress, and the march-of-mind system, for he cried "Hear! hear!" at the top

of his squeaking voice. When Owen at length took up the great parliamentary folio, and began to relate, with a most complacent smirk, how he and the member for Oldham, one Mr. Fielden, had been closeted together three days, at the residence of the said member in the country, studying the contents of this folio, I came away, dreading the possibility of his inflicting a synopsis, which, in his hands, would have been so much more cruel than the book itself.

I was happy, on getting into the open air, to find that my pockets had not been levied on, so that there was nothing to interfere with my meditations concerning the cosmopolite philanthropist. If he be, indeed, the friend of the labouring people, and not wholly the slave of his own vanity, it is yet certain that he has done them no good. As a general rule, I think it may be admitted, that the man who has mismanaged his own affairs is not fit to charge himself with those of other people. This individual has

failed notoriously in all his undertakings. Having succeeded by marriage to the property of a valuable and most flourishing manufacturing establishment in Scotland, he has contrived to squander the patrimony of his children, and, deprived of their birthright, their home, and, haply, even their religion, sent them forth to endure every privation in the uncivilized wilds of his western Utopia, while he has adopted, as the object of his affection and paternal solicitude, the filthier million of this overgrown metropolis. Still we must admit—such sacrifices as these irresistibly convey the idea—that he is both benevolent and philanthropic, though on too large a scale to be appreciated by every one. I must claim to be among the number of the incredulous; and I must confess that a benevolent and philanthropic fool always seems more dangerous to me than a roguish one. A roguish fool may steal, and allow himself to be quickly caught and shut up; but the other, being left at large,

may lead astray others yet simpler than himself, and, actuated perhaps by a ridiculous vanity, get credit for good qualities which he does not possess, interfering with the labours of industry, and creating a real evil without any alternative of good.

There can be no doubt, indeed, that the poor are insufficiently paid in England. That in the presence of a development, far exceeding whatever the world has hitherto seen, the profits of it are concentrated in the hands of a few, while they who mainly contribute to it by their labour are left to languish in destitution of what mere animal wants require. Yet one hears of nothing but the property of the country, and the necessity of having it represented, and giving it proper influence, at the very time when it is regulating and governing exclusively for its own interests, and crushing the many with a despotism unknown in countries which are stigmatized as despotic, and especially so stigma-

tized by Englishmen—a despotism which starves. While property has for its mercenary champions the genius and learning of the country, the claims of labour are unrepresented and unrestrained; its cause, instead of being supported by the high, the gifted, the intelligent of the land, is abandoned to the advocacy of rogues like Cobbett, and idiots such as Owen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ISLINGTON.

Liston — Remove to Islington—Scenes from Window—Suburban Rambles—Habits of Retired Citizens—Life of Seclusion—Subjects for Emigration.

In the evening of the day I had attended Mr. Owen's exhibition, I went to see a much better actor at Madame Vestris's theatre, being no other than Liston. Though I found him evidently in the decline of his health and powers, yet I was not at all disappointed in the high expectations I had formed of him. He is of moderate height, with a rather dropsical-looking body, and the air of a man sinking under dissipation. He appeared, indeed, to be half drunk. It was

in his part, however, to be so; and he had either made a sacrifice to his profession, in order to give effect to the piece, or else it was another proof of his excellent acting. There were, indeed, an irresistible drollery and perfect air of nature about him.

His acting appeared to me as Talma's did,—so easy that any one might have done it without effort. This is, however, in efforts of every sort, one of the greatest proofs of merit. The company of this theatre struck me as being much the best I had seen in London; there were a perfection, indeed, and unity in the company, and in the general effect of the acting, which not a little reminded me of the minor theatres of Paris. As for Liston, though the source of so much and such immoderate mirth to others, he is said to be of a very melancholy temperament himself, and only to be at all happy and humorous when treading the stage. His appearance sufficiently justifies this opinion; and his moody, wo-begone physiognomy gives effect

to his drollery, and to the oddly-uttered jokes, at which he only does not laugh.

Though I had been beguiled of my ennui, and greatly amused by Liston, I retired, when the play was over, to my lodgings, as sad as himself. I had brought with me to London a chronic weakness of the eyes, contracted by winter cruising in the Mediterranean, which, instead of improving there, increased from day to day, prevented me from escaping from the weariness of unoccupied time by reading, and converted the amusement of the theatre, which alone remained for my evenings, into a means of adding to my torture.

I was the bearer of abundant letters; but I knew that most of those to whom they were addressed were absent from town; and, in the little courage which I felt to encounter perfect strangers, I was willing to fancy that they were all so, and failed altogether to inquire. If the reader feel any sympathy for me, I may as well relieve him, by jumping to the conclusion of it,

and telling him how, a year later than the period of which I write, I was entirely cured of my malady by Mr. Alexander, the celebrated London oculist, who, after hearing a statement of my case, and after a moment's inspection, sent me away with a prescription, which, at the end of a few months, restored me to the complete use of the most valuable sense with which Divinity has endowed us, and left me with a feeling of personal gratitude to the skilful operator himself that will not easily be effaced. I do not mention this out of any pleasure which I take in relating what only concerns me individually, but because the reader might not otherwise be able to comprehend the peculiarity of my situation, and the circumstances, personal to myself, which made England so much sadder to me on this, my first visit, than it usually is to my countrymen, and which, at the end of a very few weeks, drove me from it in search of more congenial scenes. With the use of my eyes, and amusing books to read, I could have passed a winter not merely in London, but in Lapland.

My eyes had become so much irritated since my arrival in London, from the prevalence of smoke, and perhaps also from too frequent attendance at the theatre, that I began to feel the necessity of changing my mode of life forthwith. I chanced to have living in Islington an esteemed relative, who had been the friend and Mentor of my boyish days. Being in delicate health, and finding, in the course of much journeying, that the climate of England agreed with him better than any other, which is, in fact, a very common remark among Americans, he had retired to this suburb of London to pass his days peacefully among his books. This being in a high situation to the north of the town, with an open country on the side from which the wind usually blows, is less canopied with smoke than any other quarter. My friend fancied, on this account, that it would be more suitable to me until my eyes should restore themselves, and prevailed upon me to accompany him to his house. Here I passed a few days most agreeably, as well as beneficially to my sight; eschewing theatres,

listening to the perusal of a newspaper, or of some entertaining book, instead of endeavouring to read myself, dozing quietly on a sofa wheeled to the fire, or engaging in delightful conversation about the half-forgotten events of other times.

Occasionally, when the weather was fine, and the wind not high, which was a combination of somewhat rare occurrence, we took a walk to the neighbouring villages of Highgate or Holloway. In this last place are some beautifully-designed almshouses, originally founded by the famous Whittington, and standing near the spot where, having paused on his return to his native county, in despair of finding employment in London, of which he had come in search, he heard the merry chime of St. Mary's bells, and fancied he could trace out the encouraging sounds, "Turn again, Whittington — twice Lord Mayor of London!" He took heart, turned back, and his name afterward mingled honourably in the annals of the city.

These villages of Highgate and Holloway will

soon become incorporated, like Islington, with the all-absorbing metropolis. It is in this way that the increase of the population of London has been so extraordinary in late years, and not entirely by positive development and augmentation. London was, and still is, surrounded by many considerable towns. By the mutual growth of it and of them, they gradually run into each other,—the towns or villages losing their distinctive limits and character, and being counted thenceforth part of London, to whose population their own is thus suddenly added.

When, on the contrary, as was more common, the wind blew high, the sky lowered, and, intermixed with wind and smoke, came down to hang its dark pall low over every object, investing all things with its gloom, and tinging whatever it touched with the hues of despondency, and when, moreover, the rain pattered relentlessly, then, as an only resource, I reclined in dreamy torpor and forgetfulness, lost in melancholy musings, or gazing the live-long day half unconsciously from the window at the frequent

omnibuses,—the Sun—oh, sad misnomer! what but his absence could have called to mind the joyous god of day!—the Times—the Champion—meaning, doubtless, Dutch Sam, or the undaunted Jem Ward of pugilistic memory. These rushed by with the merry sound of well-blown bugles, the only notes of cheerfulness which came encouragingly on the ear. Countless in number, too, were the stage-coaches that whirled by, conveying daily their thousands of passengers to Liverpool, Manchester, and all the counties of the north. What toppling masses of trunks, baskets, and bandboxes were there suspended behind, at the sides, and piled high over all! And what a cargo, too, of live lumber interspersed among these,—men, dogs, parrots, and women! How strangely muffled in waterproof M'Intoshes, cloaks, shawls, and comforters, and yet how thoroughly soaked were the biped voyagers! How the horses reeked, and how instinct was everything with mud and misery!

In these my rambles over Islington and its

pretty neighbourhood, I made some remarks for myself, and was assisted to others by the maturer observation of my friend, concerning the habits and manners of the inhabitants of this region, which excited my curiosity and tended to amuse me. It seems that it is inhabited almost entirely by retired tradespeople, a general phrase, which includes almost every one in this country below the dignity of a gentleman, or man living without occupation on his means, and on the labours of his ancestors. People engaged in business here have a sufficiently general practice, which it were well that we imitated in America, of realizing their property the moment they have secured a competence, and, investing it in some safe and convenient way, so as to yield them a moderate interest, retiring either to the country or to some suburban situation, where they may compass the luxury of a garden-spot, there to pass the evening of their days in tranquillity. In the neighbourhood of Islington there are many pretty and modest villas thus inhabited, and in the town itself frequent ranges of dwell-

ings, called places or terraces, which are constructed on a uniform design, frequently standing back from the road, and having verandas in front, with a common garden laid out for the resort of the inmates. These houses, though mostly unpainted and of a gloomy hue without, gave evidence within of great neatness and comfort. The windows were tastefully curtained, having blinds to obstruct the gaze of passers in the street, or else the same effect more tastefully produced by means of shrubs and flowers, amid which hung the frequent prison-house of lark or canary.

Some of these retired citizens keep lumbering carriages, covered with heavy armorial bearings. Here there are no equipages with simple ciphers, or without arms of some sort, which are generally largely and glaringly painted, and conspicuous in the inverse ratio of the established dignity of the aspirant. One of the earliest uses that is made of wealth is to pay a handsome fee to a herald, for the contrivance of an elegant coat of arms.

There is one thing, however, in which they evince more sense than we do, that is, in never setting up a coach until their fortune entitles them to do so. Each graduates his expenses nicely to his means; if they do not justify the extravagance of a pair, he contents himself with an enormous fly, a species of close carriage, drawn by one horse, and of which two horses would stand in awe over our rugged pavements. Others rejoice in the possession of a huge phaeton, capable of containing the entire household, which is drawn by a single family horse, a meek-spirited jade, which jogs along with a mill-horse perseverance—an air of motiveless and heartless dulness, in happy accordance with the heavy, stupid looks of the group which he drags after him. Here and there antiquated cobs, which in their younger days had carried their impatient masters to the scene of money-making in a twinkling, now crept over the ground calmly, contrasting singularly with the rapid movements of the young traders, the sons probably of the former in many instances, who,

starting in life on their own account, seemed to be full of motive, and as greedy to gain time as the others were anxious to consume it.

Those, indeed, who had achieved the competence which had been the cherished object of their hopes, seemed to be far more miserable than those who were in pursuit of it. The retired trader was ever ready to pull up his equally willing steed, which had learned, by long practice, to adapt itself to the habits of its master, to talk, with some equally time-ridden worthy, of trade and the stocks. Others lounged at the corners, or before their doors, speaking in monosyllables or speaking not at all, and gazing with vacant and envious stare upon the passing whirl of the busier population. It was difficult, indeed, to imagine people more evidently at loss and out of tune. The retirement and competence which they had sighed for through the earlier years of a busy life, seemed to have become, by robbing them of their occupation, the source of their misery.

Perhaps the morning, with its freshness of

sensations, physical and moral, agreeably ministered to by breakfast, and the newspaper, which circulated from house to house at the cheap rate of a shilling the week, was the season in their existence freest from corroding ennui, and coming nearest to a negative something that might be called happiness. The long interval to dinner and the joint, though broken by luncheon and a walk, perchance made in unconscious habit to the crowded region of the City, or in bad weather passed in vacant gaze from the window, was yet, doubtless, to them, one of awful duration. Dinner was succeeded by another fatal pause, until the timely tea resisted in good season the growing drowsiness. The rubber of whist, eked out by dummie, if the smallness of the family circle made his assistance indispensable, gave the mercy-stroke to the day, which finished with them as it began, with a war against time, implacably carried on. Such, as far as I could learn or observe for myself, is the daily picture of the life of the retired citizen of London.

Where there is social intercourse, with familiar and unceremonious visits, the stranger can at once discover it in a passing glance. Here, from day to day, and through the livelong night, the most watchful eye could detect no traces of congregation. Here were no rush of carriages, no clang of knockers, no slamming doors, no lively hum of chattering voices, no spirit-stirring violin. The musical entertainments of the neighbourhood were confined to an occasional "Rule Britannia," "God save the King," "Buy a Broom," or "Yankee Doodle," dolorously ground forth by monkey-aided Savoyards from hand-organ or hurdy-gurdy.

Occasionally, as the patriotic bosom of gouty bachelor or shrivelled old maid was touched by the strains which have power to enkindle enthusiasm even in the most torpid English feelings, a window might be seen to open at either side of the street, and a swollen or skin-dried hand emerge to throw a penny's worth of gratification to the industrious grinder. Once, when I saw such a coincidence, I could not help think-

ing that, with this identity of tastes, had the habits of society and the existence of social intercourse favoured the coming together of this sympathetic pair, they might in earlier years have rushed into each other's arms, and, joining their means and their establishments, furnished each other with comfort and joy. When the hurdy-gurdy ceased to charm, a piano might be heard responding, in well-struck measure, with "Paddy Carey," or "All the blue bonnets are over the border." Other sounds of joy there were none, and stillness and a placid calm reigned here for ever.

But perhaps it would be wrong to say that the whole year revolves for them in joyless and unbroken monotony. One should at least except the annual visit to the theatre, to see the King and Queen at the play, when is presented the singular spectacle of an immense house, crowded with living masses from pit to gallery, with two people looking at the entertainment, and all the rest looking at them. It is on this occasion, more than any other, that they nourish

that sentiment of loyalty which is natural to every English bosom, and which, evincing itself in love and veneration to one individual, is yet, though perhaps unknown to him who feels it, only a concentration of patriotism, an ardent love of country, fixing itself on the man who represents its sovereignty, and who is, as it were, only England itself personified. When an Englishman listens with rapture to that noble anthem, "God save the King," it is not attachment to a bloated profligate, such as George IV., that animates and lifts him to the clouds, but rather the thought of England, with her greatness and her triumphs, which kindles the glow at his heart.

It is on occasions such as these, then, that the retired citizen indulges in an enthusiasm which is a contradiction to the whole tenour of his daily life. In a country where castes and classes of society occupy more of men's thoughts, and modify, in a greater degree their manners, than in any other, he feels himself elevated into unwonted dignity and self-estimation at finding

himself admitted to sit at the same entertainment, and, as it were, to feel towards a real and live king that sense of equality which, though habitually extinguished within him, is yet the most ardent of man's aspirations. Here, too, he is wound up to a pitch of ecstasy the most grandly ludicrous that can be conceived, at the spectacle of a queen drinking a cup of tea just like a common person.

This is the citizens' jubilee,—this their annual holyday,—purchased by the endurance of a year made up of monotonous days, succeeded by nights yet more monotonous. They would die, as they doubtless often do, of apathy, were it not for the abiding excitement kept alive by the perpetual dread of being robbed and murdered, and the interest derived from their nightly precautions against such a consummation; from bolting and chaining the doors, seeing the window-bells set in a condition to sound should a thief attempt to break in and steal, and taking good care that the rattle is in readiness by the bedside, to spring suddenly, if necessary, at the window, and

bring the assistance of the watch. Such a life must necessarily produce singular and unbounded eccentricity of character, and would, if studied, furnish the oddest and most varied subjects to the dramatist. It begets, in many cases, disease of both mind and body, inducing every species of hypochondria, and leading to the swallowing of the thousand pills and philtres which are the prevailing taste of the land, until at length the fear of dying drives them to self-slaughter.

It has often been said that a great city is a great solitude. Of none is this so entirely true as of London; for the dread of intercourse, and the fear of contamination, must act either upwards or downwards in the case of every one, where the grades and classes are as numerous as the individuals, each of whom comes armed to the conflict with his separate and peculiar pretensions. The evils that result from this life of isolation are unbounded. It must not only be productive of much misery, but of vice also. The young women, returning from the board-

ing-school with such lessons of virtue as they may have learned there, pass their time in a corroding solitude, the prey of that ill-nature which develops itself in families that are strangers to the checks of social intercourse and observation. Meantime they continue their daily walks to the nearest circulating library, and come home charged with novels and romances, which, instead of strengthening and giving a healthy tone to the mind, fill it with artificial notions and preposterous views of life, which there is no real observation of the world to disprove and counteract,—thus delivering it up to false and fanciful day-dreams and unreal reveries. With little opportunity, in the well-nigh total absence of social intercourse, of forming a virtuous and well-judged attachment, they must be content, in general, to take such husbands as Providence may send them; and without the enlightening and guiding advantage of public opinion, which in society assigns to each pretender his proper position, must be content to choose at hazard,

with the obvious risk of falling into the hands of adventurers and sharpers.

Hence the frequency of those runaway matches, which, contracted in opposition to the will of parents, discreet to choose and sedulous of the happiness of a daughter, almost invariably become the prelude to a life of misery and wretchedness. Hence, too, in constitutions where the yearning for matrimony is ungovernably fervid, the disposition to fall in love, where there is a positive necessity to fall in love with somebody, with some comely and well-fed servant, be he butler, groom, or coachman, and the deplorable frequency of preposterous misalliances, and often of something worse. The liberty of manners which here permits the solitary and unwatched rambles of females of a tender age, furnishes facility for vice which is not always neglected. Moreover, where there is no social intercourse, there can be nothing of that social restraint, and of public opinion omnipotently acting upon all within its reach. I do not know that the case is any better in

instances where all these dangers are triumphantly avoided, and solitary females, surviving their parents and all who were near to them, grow old in unsullied maidenhood, drying up and withering, mere useless and unproductive vines and barren fig-trees.

Many such victims of the want of social intercourse and intermixture were to be found in Islington. Unfortunate spinsters, whose minds were crowded with a thousand corroding cares, and assailed each night by groundless terrors of robbery and violence. For the most part they seemed to be devoted to religion, going regularly, tippeted and muffed, with their prayer-books, whenever the bells of St. Mary's chimed for prayers or sermon. To console themselves for their carnal bereavement, they seemed, one and all, to have made themselves, as the nuns in Spain say—*esposas de Christo*. As they could not, however, pray all the time, they contrived to amuse themselves with several pets, such as singing-birds, cats, dogs, and parrots. One of them, opposite us, passed much of her time at

the window, watching for the arrival of the cats'-meat man, and stroking a huge tabby. She seemed to find much comfort in this; yet, after all, a cat is an insufficient substitute for a husband. "Women," says the learned Dr. Lieber, in illustrating the bad consequences of the frequent and prolonged mourning in use in America, as it tends to keep our young ladies out of society, which he looks upon as a species of matrimonial market,—"Women," says the learned cyclopædist, "are born to be married." Agreeing with him, as I do most perfectly, it is on this ground that I object entirely to this life of separation, and the whole system of retired citizenship in Islington, prayer-books and tabby-cats included.

Of all the various classes of people in England, these retired citizens are they who would gain most by emigration to America. Any of those who live obscurely and humbly in Islington, might lead a life of elegance and luxury on the noble banks of the Hudson. There, in a

healthful climate, strangers to all noxious exhalations, and in the presence of whatever is beautiful or grand in natural scenery, one of these men might, for the sum of five thousand pounds, become possessor of an estate of three or four hundred acres, capable, by tolerable cultivation, of rendering an interest of six or eight per cent. upon the purchase-money.

Fixing upon one of the thousand unimproved sites that are scattered up and down the lordly stream, he might build from marble or granite, quarried on the river itself, such a villa as he pleased. Instead of planting for the benefit of his descendants, he might cut down and fashion to his mind the dense groves of oak, sycamore, maple, locust, hemlock, and hickory, as they have been tastefully intermingled by the hand of nature; and might indulge, to his heart's content, in those sweetly rural tastes that are so entirely English. Or, if he were indifferent to the exercise of the creative power, he might purchase a place already habitable, and having

a comfortable mansion on it, and well-improved grounds, capable of yielding at once the same interest, for six or seven thousand pounds.

Here he might live as secluded as in London itself. If he had a taste for stocks, he might go to Wall-street, though a hundred miles off, in eight hours, and get double the interest for his money that he could in London, and on better security too, the security of a solvent government and of unexhausted resources. He could always get the Times a month old, and might keep on railing against radicalism, which here would no longer have power to threaten his property, or terrify him with the dread of convulsions to come. Here, too, he might indulge for ever in the privilege dear to the heart of every middling Englishman, of grumbling at everything he saw, of damning the country he was in, and praising the fast-anchored isle he had left behind him. He might go on indulging in the most injurious comparisons, deploring the insecurity of a country which had no national debt to keep it together, and no

taxation, no immense subsidies to kings, kings' brothers, and unnumbered pensioners, "all, look you, to be spent in the country, which you know makes the money circulate, and keeps the working-people busy, do you see." He might curse our transparent heavens, our deep blue sky, our far-extended vistas, with nobly-swelling mountains, remotely distant, yet so palpably seen as seemingly to be within the reach of the hand, and sigh for congenial mists, and rains, and unbroken levels. Here, too, he would lose his sense of inferiority, his dear distinction of classes and castes, the pleasure which a pariah may feel in licking the dust which a bramin has just honoured with his tread, in the admiration of the nobly great, in the rapture of being permitted to look full in the face a Sir John, or even a My Lord, in a committee-room or at a cattle-show, and all the manifold enjoyments of toad-eating and of sycophancy.

But what would be the prospects of his children? They would grow up in a country which offers an unbounded field for energy and

talent. There he might provide for a hundred children as for one, though there be no place or office to be begged, and no favours to be asked, save from one's own exertions. If the father himself were unfitted to associate with the gentlemen of equal means around him, unaccustomed as they are to superiors, and haters of servile vulgarity, not so his children. By sending them from home, and secluding them from his own society, they would grow up with independence and manliness of thought, and dignified elevation of character. They would learn to speak good English, to feel nobly, and to act accordingly; and finally enter upon life with a sense of independence, claiming for itself no distinction, yet conscious of no inferiority, a proud feeling of equality, and a republican simplicity of manners, which in England is only the attribute of one class, and that class the highest.

CHAPTER IX.

DRIVE TO BRIGHTON.

Dart Coach — Scene at Starting — Suburbs — Benevolent Institutions—Rural Tastes of Englishmen—Scenes at the Roadside — Fellow-Travellers — Their Conversation — Brighton—Church—Albion Hotel.

I HAD been a fortnight in London, when a countryman of my own, whom I was already prepared to like, and for whom I afterward contracted a warm friendship, which I still continue to cherish, proposed to me, as a change of scene, a short trip to Brighton, in which he offered to accompany me. Having gladly accepted this offer, I joined him at his house in Regent's Park, and we went together,

at the appointed hour, to the coach-office in Oxford-street. The coach was the Dart. It was hung very low, on the new safety plan, as it is called, the bottom of the body being not more than a couple of feet from the ground, and the circle of which one would describe an arc in falling, in the event of a summerset, being of course proportionably small.

Though the weather was fine, and the drive only of six hours, my companion, who knew the climate, decided that it would be most safe for us to go inside. This is a disagreeable alternative, as the interior of the English coaches offers very scanty room for four persons of even ordinary size, and, being perfectly closed everywhere, furnishes the traveller with barely such imperfect vistas of the country he passes through, as may be rapidly caught from a narrow window on either side.

A pair of worn-out horses, driven by a second-rate sort of coachman, conveyed us from Oxford-street to the grand starting-place, in Piccadilly. Here we took up the rest of our passengers and

luggage. The make-shift horses and coachman were dismissed with ignominy; four active grooms led out each a mettled hunter, disabled for the chase, yet still full of spirit and energy. The coachman, a portly personage, well clad, with muffled neck, well-brushed hat, a heavy coat hanging over his arm, and his whip held with the air of an adept, and who had, in no slight degree, the appearance of having been born for something better, stood calmly superintending the labours of the hostlers, while the guard, having carefully attended to the disposition of the luggage, and of all the various packets and parcels to be delivered on the road, or at the end of the journey, now ascended to his station at the back of the coach, and taking up his bugle, blew forth a sweet and animating blast.

The merry sounds, even more than the favourite spectacle presented by the starting of a coach, quickly drew together a vast crowd of the idle of the neighbourhood, or such as happened to pass that way. There were soldiers from the palace, grooms in well-polished suits of fustian,

proud and disdainful servants in their masters' livery, and beggars, who were humble in their own. Here, too, were eloquent Irishmen offering for sale, in words of soft persuasion, the newspapers of the day, the map of the road to Brighton, the Comic Annual, and quantities of absurdly-ludicrous caricatures.

I exchanged a piece of silver for a handful of these. They wanted the masterly drawing and extravagant oddity of Cruikshank, and the grace, spirit, ingenuity, and gentlemanlike observance of good taste and propriety that characterize the inimitable political sketches of H. B., in which the wit and satire of many paragraphs are conveyed far more vividly and distinctly to the mind, by a single glance of the eye; yet they had still a certain cleverness of their own, and a fund of coarse, broad humour, which is characteristic of the land. The tatterdemalion crew around us, captivated, like the rest, by the soft strains of the musician, suspended for a moment their vociferation, and an old groom, who was smoking, with his hands in his pockets, beside

the coach, was so lulled into forgetfulness, that he fairly suffered his pipe to go out. When the tune was over, however, he betrayed no vexation, but turning to his next neighbour to light it, said, "Dom it, Bobbie, that be a game chap; he blows like a good un."

And now the coachman was on his box; the ribands were in his hand and nicely adjusted; a flirt of these and a single crack of the whip set us in motion; each groom, releasing the horse which he had been holding, remained in possession of the blanket, twitched suddenly from the back of the bounding animal. Onward we sped to Charing Cross, and hence at a rapid rate towards Westminster Bridge. As we passed the Horse Guards, where two soldiers of the Blues, in casque and cuirass, sat as sentinels, motionless, on their coal-black chargers, our guard struck up "God save the King." I admire this noble national anthem, and I sympathize with the feeling which it awakens in the bosom of every honest Englishman,—a feeling, not, as one might fancy, of servile attachment to

the person of any individual, but made up wholly of pride and patriotism, an ardent love of country stimulated by the recollection of her Howes, her Collingwoods, and her Nelsons, and whatever of greatness and of glory Old England has achieved.

We made our way without accident, and with admirable address, through the thronged thoroughfare, to the Elephant and Castle, and so onward, traversing a suburb which promised to be interminable. The ranges of houses, ceasing occasionally to be continuous, were built in rows and terraces, with attention to architectural effect. These were interspersed at frequent intervals with stately and extensive edifices, devoted to the uses of charity, and having for object the solace and alleviation of some one of the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Many of these had their origin in the spirit of association, impelled by a pervading and active humanity; more were pointed out to me as having been founded by individuals of enormous for-

tune, the result of their own efforts, and of a life of frugal and persevering industry.

It were an odious task to inquire in how many cases these noble institutions sprang from the promptings of a pure and unsullied benevolence—in how many from the vanity of immortalizing a hitherto unhonoured name. Even the vanity of being remembered through all ages, as the benefactor of our fellow-men, is it not in itself, and still more so when compared with the thousand other vanities which impel our efforts to live in the recollection of those who are to come after us, a fit subject for commendation?

At any rate, whatever be the actuating motives to benevolence, in no country is it so abounding as in England. Wherever the eye is turned, it rests upon lordly edifices consecrated to the alleviation of misery. This is not the place to inquire in how great a degree this mass of misery to be alleviated may have had its origin in the unequal distribution of the fruits of labour, and in a compunctious wish for retribution, urging

the rich to render back to the poor something of that whereof an exclusive and oppressive legislation, acting ever in the interests of property, may have robbed them. It is sufficient here to call to mind the fact, that there has been only one Howard, and that he was an Englishman.

If there were much to indicate the attention of the rich to the comfort of the miserable, there was, of course, more to shew that they were not unmindful of their own. On reaching the more open country, we passed at each instant some pretty villa of a retired citizen, the fit abode of a happy and contented competence. If there be anything that I covet for my countrymen, it is the sweetly rural tastes of the children of this land, and their rooted love of retirement from the city's din to the seclusion of groves and gardens. If, as I believe, the tendency of a life passed amid crowds, confusion, the intimate and indiscriminate contact with the eager and mammon-seeking throng that congregate in cities, and all the manifold horrors that are to be found

in smoke, dust, noise, omnibuses, and disgustful surroundings, is to uproot the natural affections and to corrupt the heart, so, on the contrary, do I believe that an existence gently gliding away amid the scenes of nature, and the calm and tranquil occupations of some rural abode, must oppositely and equally contribute to develop whatever is generous within us, and to give elevation and purity to the sentiments, and dignity to the character.

It is therefore that I would wish to see cherished among us tastes calculated to develop virtues so essentially republican. And if I were now to seek for generous and honourable feelings in my country, it would not be among the crowds who congregate in cities about gilded liberty caps, to shout their anathemas against the sovereignty of the people, but rather among our honest and native-born yeomanry, at once cultivators and proprietors of the soil, who constitute the best safeguard of the sacred rights of property and of American liberty.

The country over which we passed was nearly

without mountains, or anything that rose even to the dignity of a hill. Its character of monotony was, however, relieved by gentle undulations, along which the road wound meandering, and by the beautifying effect of art, everywhere visible in the effort to produce what was either useful or agreeable. The labour of cultivation was everywhere carried on with neatness as well as care. The fields were all enclosed with hedges, interspersed with trees; and where the plough had been used, the furrows were drawn with the nicest exactness. The farmhouses were antiquated stone buildings, with an air of comfort, and some show of taste; flowers were blooming in the windows, there were evergreens and shrubbery about the doors, to banish the idea of winter, fruit-trees were trained against the walls, and the gables were overrun with ivy. The men seemed, in general, sturdy and well-grown; the women plump and tidy; and the children, which were sufficiently numerous to shew that the injunction to increase and multi-

ply, was not unheeded in the land, were healthy and clean, and full of mischief and cheerfulness.

The country-houses, of a more modest character, were frequent; and the more imposing forms of aristocratic mansions were occasionally caught sight of, in the seclusion of a greater distance from the road, through the leafless branches of the trees. These were ever surrounded with extensive parks, tastefully planted in easy imitation of nature, having occasional clumps of trees interspersed over the smooth lawn, and close thickets for the preservation of game. The trees were by no means various in kind. Though collected and planted with studious care, there were not, perhaps, one tenth of the varieties that start up spontaneously in our American forests. The elm occurred the most frequently, with a few beach, oak, and stunted pines.

They were, for the most part, knotty, scrubby, and irregular in their growth, as compared with the tall, graceful, columnar, and infinitely-varied

forms which delight the eye in our forests; and it seemed to me, from their whole appearance, that, in addition to the want of the vivifying nourishment of the sun, their growth was checked by the inclemency of the weather, and the high winds, causing them to assume that crooked and knarled form, which is, however, valuable for the uses of ship-building. The trees, with the exception of a few evergreens, were, of course, destitute of leaves; but the grass exhibited a verdure which the season would not have permitted with us, and still furnished pasture to herds of beautiful cattle, and flocks of overgrown sheep, which moved with some difficulty under the added weight of so much flesh and wool.

Our road led us through many large towns. Villages and smaller collections of population were more rare. There were, however, a few of great beauty, having very antiquated parish churches, which, from the various and blended character of their architecture, might have owed their existence, in its present state, to the

patchwork contributions of every succeeding century, from the time of the conquest.

At one of these places was a venerable village oak, and one of the passengers said something about its trunk having been used as a school-room. Though not to compare with the patriarchal trees of my own country, when one has the good fortune to get far enough from the haunts of civilized man to see one of them, or the famous chestnuts that flourish on the side of Etna,—such, for instance, as the noted Castagno a cento cavalli,—yet still its dimensions were sufficiently respectable to attract admiration.

The groups that filled the road were sufficiently varied and picturesque, and the scene which it presented was moving and animated. I was not so fortunate as to see a fox-chace, but I had a glimpse, beyond Croydon, at some of the consequences of one. We met a number of gentlemen returning from what seemed to have been a hard run, for their horses were sadly jaded. Many bore marks of having been down, both horse and rider: and one luckless wight

was as thoroughly drenched and mud-covered as if he had been dragged through a dozen horse-ponds. This, however, was not likely to tame the energy with which the English gentry pursue this manly and animating sport; a bath, a change of apparel, and a good dinner, with the adventures of the day, and all its battles fought again over his wine, were sure to give heart to the most ill-used of these to figure at the succeeding "meet."

The effect of the gay dress of these huntsmen, the top boots, the white breeches, and, above all, the red coat, as seen at the turnings of the road, or emerging from behind an intersecting wood, was pleasing, and fraught with excitement. As we paused at the solitary inns for a moment to water the horses, and give time to the coachman to drain the foaming tankard which was presented to him, I was carried back to the olden time by the quaintness of the antiquated signs, in general no longer painted, indeed, in these march-of-mind days, when every body can read, but written out in full—The

Black Horse, The Beggar's Bush, or The Jolly Tanner.

Perhaps I should say something of my fellow-travellers of the interior. Besides my companion, there was a rich banker, a man of much note in the city. He was a Jew, and an unbelieving one, indeed; for he did not seem to have placed any more faith in Moses than he did in Jesus Christ. He was full of cleverness and intelligence, both natural and acquired; for he added the sprightliness and versatility of youth to the experience and observation of a very mature age. It was quite frightful to hear the tenets of such unmeasured infidelity, put forth with a calm indifference, and yet with so much ingenuity. What, however, made his mode of thinking in religion the more extraordinary, was the perfectly orthodox character of his opinions as a politician. He was a thorough Church-and-King man, and an undoubting and uncompromising Tory. As a Jew, excluded from any participation in the benefits of a church, to which, as a proprietor, he doubtless contributed

most extensively, and from any influence in the conduct of a government which he was yet called on to support, such opinions might seem inconsistent and paradoxical.

And yet the man argued from a just perception of his own well-understood interests. He was like him, of whom we read in the New Testament, in which he did not believe, who could not see the truth because he was very rich. He had much property, and was a great fundholder, and therefore contemplated with dismay the prospect of any change in the present order of things, or any revolution calculated to interfere, or open the door to interference, with vested rights, to shake the tottering and unsubstantial fabric of that public credit in which his own was involved, and to take from property its present overwhelming preponderance. Of course he was an arrant infidel in the virtue and excellence of our republican institutions, and in the conservative vitality of a system which admits labour to some share in the state, thereby securing its weary sons a just portion of the

profits of their toil, instead of transferring all beyond a mere grudging and exiguous subsistence, to the coffers of a moneyed oligarchy.

Our fourth traveller was a man of very different description, who yet, from community of interests, had some sympathy with the Jew. He was a good-natured cockney, full of city slang, and not deficient in humour. After attaining the age of manhood in the heart of London, and growing up in the full belief of all those prescribed opinions which the mass of Englishmen receive from each other, with somewhat less reservation than they subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, he had been led to America by some speculations which had a very fortunate result, and remained there during many years. He was the owner of property in both countries; and the different burdens he was subjected to in one and the other, and the very different balances of interest he from time to time received, suggested the most embarrassing additions to his stock of previously-conceived opinions.

His mind now exhibited a strange lumber-

room, filled with notions as heterogeneous as the contents of the till of a seaman's chest, stuffed with the discordant contributions of a dozen climes; church-and-state maxims; loyalty to the king; the advantages of an aristocracy, and the benefit of having a class to look up to—a feeling which is so eloquently advocated by that mirror of pride and chivalry, Captain Basil Hall—and the benefit to be derived from the vast expenditure of a costly government, the money all remaining in the country, and keeping up a circulation there, were strangely blended in his mind, with quaint, common-sense notions which he had picked up in America about religious equality; the absence of all other distinctions than those of personal merit and respectability; exemption from tithes, taxes, and poor-rates, and the benefits of cheap government. In America, he said, we had neither pensions, unless for undoubted services rendered to the state, 'sinecures, nor poor-laws, by which the laborious are made to support the idle. This advantage he ascribed to the circumstance of our

having the benefit of the experience of the old country to guide us; illustrating our position most humorously by saying, that "America is just like that king—what do you call him—who was born with teeth; or that man they tell about, who dove overboard naked and came up with a cocked hat on his head." Among such things as he did not like in America, was the too great precocity of our American youth. He said the boys with us were all little miniature men, destitute of all proper awe of their superiors. In England, on the contrary, the whip broke their unruly spirit in season, and taught them to be obedient, subordinate, and loyal. "The rod," said he, "teaches obedience, and the use of money, as they grow up, to be comfortable."

Our cockney was a neat, clean, comfortable little man of a certain age, extremely well preserved, having a round bullet head, with scattering gray hair, a rosy face, the nose on which told of the daily pint of port, and a small cunning eye, which he winked knowingly when he said anything that was particularly acute.

Though chattering, fussy, and betraying perpetual impatience by the frequency with which he looked at his watch, and stretched from the coach window to see how far we had come, he was yet, on the whole, both amiable and amusing; and, though evidently feeling very complacent towards himself, he was yet not unmindful of what was due to the self-complacency of others. This he evinced by taking our part against the Jew in the political discussion, which was very necessary, for my companion had been too long in the country to permit himself to become impatient on these subjects, and I, though not wholly without a set of received opinions of my own, had no desire to make proselytes to republicanism, felt no obligation to spread the truth, or to convert, or to unsettle men's opinions, had I been able, and had no taste for argument of any sort.

There was, however, one subject in the discussion upon America, in which these disputants most entirely agreed. This was the war then waging between General Jackson and the Bank

of the United States. Both of them were deeply interested as stockholders in that institution; the fussy little man to the amount of a hundred thousand dollars, and the Jew to a much greater. Now, certainly, it was not very considerate towards them, to break up a solvent and flourishing institution, which furnished them with an interest of seven per cent., and give them back their money to be vested in funds which, while they would only yield them half that interest, or even something less, might be sent at once to the devil, and turned into chaff, by the consequence of war without, or the breaking out of a revolution within. It would have been most unreasonable, then, to expect any other than one coinciding opinion between them, and this, of course, most damnatory of the iron General.

I was necessarily mystified by their reasonings about exchanges, the regulation of credit, and the salutary checks to over-trading, which were all to me as unintelligible as Hebrew. But when they came to talk about the security of the moneyed interests, the representation of pro-

perty, and the preponderance of capital for its own protection, and I—while they carried out their deductions, in one sense, concerning the dread of democracy, the sweeping devastation of a rabble inundation, and the horrors of an agrarian law—pursuing mine in a directly opposite sense, contemplated the effects of such a system in elevating the rich and crushing the poor, and bringing about, by means of the systematic usurpation of those powers of government which society delegates in the interests and for the general happiness of all, such frightful and preposterous disparities of fortunes, from which misery can find no outlet of escape, and which award to toil no other reward than the privilege still to toil on for ever, I could not help glorying in the live-and-let-live system of my own country, and honouring the magnanimity of that man who, discovering in a rich corporation the disposition to controul the suffrage, and usurp the sovereignty of the people, had dared to stand singly forward as the champion of the poor, and to send back, as the constitution permitted him

to do, for reconsideration, the solemn verdict of the representatives of the people.

I have neither taste nor turn for argument; but, by a strange perverseness, I have a singular facility, in listening to the arguments of others, to be convinced sometimes in the directly opposite sense from what they intended. This occurred to me now, and led me first to doubt the expediency of sustaining an institution which these men were so anxious to support. The bills of the United States Bank, in which I had been long accustomed to receive my monthly pittance, were the only rag money in America for which I had any respect. What little feeling I had on the subject had, therefore, been hitherto in its favour. What I now heard first led me to doubt whether General Jackson were not the sort of president we needed at this conjuncture; for my ears had been tickled by the well-turned phrases and epigrammatic smartness of his immediate predecessor, and although my profession released me from the obligation of striking the balance of my opinions at the

ballot-box, yet what little feeling I had was not in his favour. Now, however, the tide of my opinions began to turn, and, not long after, I was made a complete believer in the virtues of the hickory-tree by the kind efforts of a zealous friend, who undertook to enlighten me, and whose perverted arguments and bad pleasantries succeeded at length in rooting my opinions in the directly opposite sense. Perhaps I should be ashamed to confess this perverseness, the pig-like disposition of my opinions to run, in spite of me, in opposition to the very arguments benevolently intended to enlighten them, did I not recollect, in recurring to my mathematical reminiscences, that there is no reasoning so irresistible as that of the reductio ad absurdum.

Ere the subject was exhausted, I had fallen asleep, and only awoke amid the glare of the lighted streets of Brighton. A fly speedily conveyed us to the Albion, where, after a change of dress, we consoled ourselves in the coffee-room, over a comfortable dinner, for the slight fatigues of our journey. On rising the next

morning and opening the windows, I found that my room had a southern exposure, and overlooked the sea. The hotel stood alone, out of the general line of the buildings lining the quay, and at the verge of a slight promontory. Though it was already nine o'clock, the light was dim and imperfect. The sky was overcast by dark clouds, flying low and quick, for it blew tremendously. The gloom so thickened seaward that but little of the ocean was visible; this was lashed into fury and torn by the wind, coming in heavily in breakers as it approached the shore, and converting itself into a raging surf in beating against the shingle, and sending up a deafening roar not inferior to that of Niagara.

There was a stout parapet wall, built up to protect the shore from the encroachments of the water, as well as to form a barrier to the road and promenade; while breakwaters, running seaward at right angles from it, served still farther to protect it, by intercepting the rollers and breaking their continuity. To the left appeared the celebrated chain pier, which

was constructed to facilitate the landing of passengers from steamers, and which, having been recently destroyed in a gale of wind, was in process of being repaired. It consisted of a collection of wooden piers, planted securely in the sands, and standing at equal intervals from each other. From each of these rose a species of tower, from which the chains supporting the bridge were suspended.

There was, as yet, little movement or sign of animation; for it was Sunday, and in no country is the odious habit of rising late on that day so universal as in England. A few restless urchins were playing among the shingle, running after the receding waves, and taking quickly to their heels to escape, as the proud sea came raging in again to assert his dominion. There was one other group whose errand was less joyous. It was a wan and meager woman, in squalid attire, with the tatters of a straw hat on her head, and attended by a little boy yet more ragged than herself. They were searching the beach attentively, and collecting whatever, in their abject

condition, they might esteem valuable. Now and then some trifling article was secured and placed in a coarse bag, which the woman bore upon her back. I thought of the frequent wrecks occurring on this coast; of the last possessors of the wretched property, which the sea, having swallowed what was most noble, now relinquished and threw back; and how willingly, in their doomed hour, they would have exchanged conditions with even this miserable gleaner,—the widow, haply, of some drowned seaman.

If I had already felt some of the inconveniences of an English Sunday, in being compelled to be in bed somewhat longer than was agreeable to me, in order to accommodate myself to the general postponements of the day, I found, in descending to the coffee-room, others which I took even more to heart, in the unsatisfactory character of my breakfast. Stale bread appeared as the representative of hot rolls, and eke to do the honours of the smoking and comfort-breathing muffins. This might equally have

been the case in my own country. Alas! that religion, which is in itself so excellent a thing, should be so wholly incompatible with a good breakfast. God's blessing be upon that man who first invented a newspaper! for it is a comfort under every misfortune; by its aid even a bad breakfast may be swallowed with composure.

With my equanimity thus partially restored, I wandered forth, leaning upon the arm of my friend, as the melancholy music of the bells announced the hour of devotion. The waiter had directed us to the church where we would be most likely to hear a good sermon, and meet with edification for our souls. Thither we bent our steps. As we went, I had an opportunity of gathering an idea of the situation of Brighton, and its general appearance. It extends along a low terrace, closely skirting the seashore, and being under cover of a range of hills, formed by the higher land of the interior, which overlook it to the north. Hence it is protected from the cold winds, and only exposed to the

more genial southern breezes that blow from the sea.

This gives it great advantages as a winter residence, and leads numbers of people in infirm health, or who, without this cause, are attentive to their comfort, to establish themselves here during the winter months. The greater part of the town is of modern construction, having sprung up since the erection of the Marine Pavilion by George IV., when Prince of Wales, who first attracted the attention of the rich to the capabilities of the place, and led many people of rank and fashion, with a still greater number who were desirous of becoming so, to build in so eligible a position. A city having such a luxurious origin could scarce fail to be a magnificent one. Many of the houses are constructed on uniform designs, in terraces overlooking the sea, and the general impression produced by whatever one sees here is of a pervading elegance and good taste.

The church into which we presently entered was a very neat one, in a style of architecture

slightly resembling the Morisco,—the architect having probably caught his inspirations from the eccentricities of the Pavilion. The services were performed by two clergymen. The elder one, whom I took to be the vicar, read prayers. He was a venerable old roadster, who had evidently been broken into his duties by long practice, and who went on in a very persevering, ding-dong manner, his voice offering a rich specimen of that nasal euphony which is ascribed to the people of New England. It is a very general remark, that the people of New England are the Americans who, being exclusively of English origin, most nearly resemble the mother country. This may, perhaps, account for an identity in this respect, which I had already noticed with sufficient frequency.

A younger man, who was doubtless the rector, was a person of much more elegant appearance, and of very superior air and pretensions. His sermon was very good, and delivered with much attention to oratorical effect, and with an energetic shake of the head, which, however well

calculated to frighten sinners, was more impressive than graceful. As for the clerk, who responded below, he was a little man, done up in a black gown, richly sprinkled with silk knots. He had, as clerks usually have everywhere, a singularly precise and professional manner of performing the functions that fell to his share; his pronunciation was most peculiar, especially in the often-repeated ejaculation, "Amen!" in which he contrived—it is to be hoped with less sacrifice—to pitch his voice to the tone of Velluti, or some other model of the neuter gender.

The organ was extremely well played; but the singing was most execrable, the chief performers being either the parish children or the juvenile members of a Sunday school, who, being well pleased to escape for the time from the restraints of their position, and let off the restless exuberance of their spirits in some legitimate and admitted way, yelled forth a hideous discord, most distressing to sensitive nerves, and which might only be compared to a concert of assembled swineherds, blowing each, on his own

account, his separate symphony on a cracked cow-horn.

On leaving church we found the weather still more inclement. The strong gale from the sea brought with it an occasional cloud, blacker and more heavy than the rest, which, as it passed above, emptied itself in a drenching shower. To carry an umbrella was out of the question. So great was the force of the wind, that it gave full employment to a man's muscular energies to force himself forward. As the squalls blew by, the eye was able to penetrate the gloom for a mile or two seaward, though the atmosphere was mingled with mist, rain, and spray, wildly blended. A couple of brigs, under close-reefed topsails, were buffeting with the winds and waves; and a cutter under very low sail was standing in shore, and endeavouring to work to the westward. They scarcely gained anything, while they must evidently have been greatly strained, and doubtless, if one could have had the patience to watch them, they would have been, ere long, seen to bear up, abandon what

they had gained, and run for the Downs, or some nearer shelter.

Intrenched within the citadel of our apartment, and cheered by the comfortings of a coal fire, we passed the day in letter-writing, conversation, or gazing from the sheltered security of our windows upon the agitated sea, and the hapless mariners who were contending with its horrors. Dinner came to our relief in the evening, and by its aid we managed to overcome no inconsiderable number of the weary hours that remained to us. The system of solitary dining and non-association prevalent in English inns, and which has its origin in the distinction of classes, certainly has its disadvantages, and these bear with peculiar hardship on the solitary stranger, not only by depriving him of the accidental society which is perpetually thrown in his way in other countries, but by withdrawing from him those means of information, and of obtaining an insight into national manners, which are furnished by a different system.

But though not brought into immediate contact with my fellow-frequenters of the coffee-room at the Albion, I saw enough of them to be greatly pleased with their tone and manners. These were quiet, respectable, unostentatious, and characterized by a scrupulous attention to refinement and the rules of good-breeding. The conversation among those who knew each other was easy and intelligent, and a stranger to argument or excited discussion. Many indeed of these persons were men of distinction, and one among them was the representative of a family which has been distinguished in the annals of the land since the period of the conquest, uniting in his person the dignities of admiral and peer. Indeed, among all those who frequented the coffee-room during a week that I remained at Brighton, I noticed but one person whose manners were offensive.

This was a fussy, talking, intrusive old fellow, who could not be got rid of or shaken off, a beggar of franks, an arrant pretender to gentility, and a personification of whatever is

vulgar. Yet I was told that this was a person of large fortune in the City, a great speculator on the Corn Exchange, and, what I found somewhat more difficult of belief, an individual who had enjoyed the benefit of a liberal education and foreign travel. At any rate his conversation was made up of low sentiments, expressed by low ideas, and uttered in low English, rife with City slang, and the choicest cockneyism of pronunciation. He talked loudly, and for effect; and when the aristocrat was at hand, instead of imitating his own unpretending demeanour, it was then, precisely, that he was most swelling and offensive. He seemed, indeed, to become more vulgar by the very effort to be elegant. This was one illustration of the effects of aristocratic distinctions, from which philosophers and drawers of conclusions may extract what inferences they please.

As I said before, the prevailing tone of manners among the frequenters of the coffee-room was simple and decorous in the extreme, and the vulgarity of the single exception only

rendered it more apparent. Indeed, my subsequent experience tended to confirm the impression which I then received, that nowhere, so much as in England, is the class of travellers —from various causes, growing out of the vast difference of expense and the very different remuneration of labour, of course infinitely more circumscribed than with us — so scrupulously observant of whatever is enjoined by the established axioms of good-breeding, or the dictates of good taste. An observer might come armed with Don Quixote's directions to Sancho Panza, when he was trying to make an extempore gentleman of him ere he undertook the government of his island, or with Mr Shandy's list of well-bred qualifications required in a tutor for his son—he might be as sensitive as either Sterne or Cervantes, and as censorious as he pleased—and yet be able to find little to cavil at, in whatever relates to refinement and external propriety.

CHAPTER X.

BRIGHTON.

Pavilion—Palace—Stables—A fine Day—Hurdle Race—High Wind—The Race—The Esplanade—Return to London—Conversation on the Road.

THE Pavilion at Brighton is much the most eccentric building I have seen. It is in the Chinese taste, if in any besides its own, being composed of a mass of low walls, out of which rise a number of very singular domes, having their greatest diameter at some distance from the base, and presenting much the figure of an inverted top. At the angles are placed tall stone columns, which are very light and delicate in their proportions, and which, as well as the

domes, terminate in quaint ornaments, resembling log-reels. These columns, from their extreme lightness, have the air of tent-poles, and, with the rest, convey the idea of some gorgeous Indian encampment, instead of a palace of massive stone. The columns have a toppling, insecure look; but though the winds blow with great violence at Brighton, none of them have ever fallen.

Having been much struck with the external appearance of this singular and most fantastic edifice, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing it within, which, from the circumstance of the palace being then inhabited, I had not ventured to expect. This advantage was procured for me by the attentive courtesy of one of the king's aid-de-camps, who, supposing that the sight would be acceptable to me, had kindly offered to conduct me, and fixed an hour for me to meet him. I found him at breakfast, in a large apartment, having much the air of the coffee-room of a French inn. In the centre was a large table, furnished with various condiments,

and the universal newspapers, while lords and officers were seated round in table d'hôte fashion, each breakfasting according to his fancy. Some were reading or writing letters, others discussing politics, palace news, military or naval discipline, or fashionable intelligence in high life. One or two had been in America on service with their regiments.

If the Pavilion had seemed curious to me from without, it was not less so when I came presently to look at it within. The dining pavilion was especially magnificent. Its ceiling was formed by the interior of one of those singular domes which I had seen from without. From the centre hung a gorgeous lustre of a strange design, to correspond with the rest. On one occasion, this fell down upon the table with a fearful crash. It was blowing a gale of wind, and the domes being all of iron, covered with metal, yield a little at such times, and acquire a slight vibratory motion. This was the cause of the accident, and it certainly was very opportune in its occurrence, as my companion observed.

Had the catastrophe occurred at a royal banquet, one might imagine what would have been the effects on the nerves of sensitive dames and ladies in waiting.

The paintings and ornaments were in a rather tea-chest taste, yet not, therefore, destitute of grace. They were beautifully executed on linen, with which the walls were lined, representing in a strange arabesque the blended forms of serpents, dragons, and whatever was strange and extravagant, and might therefore be Asiatic. My companion remarked to me, that, though each object was, individually considered, rather horrible and disgusting, yet the effect of the whole was not by any means unpleasing. In passing, he pointed out to me the awful table at which the king was wont to sit in the evening with the queen, and one or two privileged favourites. It happened to be the time at which the royal family were likely to be returning from the breakfast-room, and we had to move with much caution, as our proceedings were not exactly in order.

In passing to the stables we traversed the garden, which has none of those beauties that so universally abound in places of the sort in England. The trees are all planted in straight lines, and the walks are stiff and formal. This however may be a concession to the unities, and a compliment to the Chinese, though I believe they were the original inventors of what is known on the Continent as the English garden. The stables, however, are very beautiful, and have the reputation of being the finest in the world. They are built in amphitheatric form, with ranges of horseshoe arches, supported by a colonnade. The taste is decidedly Saracenic, though there is more attention to general symmetry than is found among the Moors. Though this amphitheatre be very vast, almost large enough for a bull-fight, yet it is covered throughout with a glass dome, kept together by an ingenious frame-work of iron. The stables completely surround the open area, while above, and opening on the corridor, are the apartments of the grooms, postillions, and coachmen. Each

horse had a neat straw mat to serve as a carpet to his stall, and on which his bed is made. The temperature was exceedingly warm in this stable, and when the sun shines upon the glass dome, it is said to be oppressive.

I think, though my opinion is not worth much, that the stables are almost always too warm in England, and the horses too much pampered. They are very apt to get sick, and require perpetual nursing. I know from experience that in Madeira, where horses are taken from both England and America, the American horse, of equal figure, will bring a higher price, and is always preferred, as being most serviceable and hardy. Perhaps, however, the English system may produce a finer animal for luxury and show. There is certainly no country in which the horses are groomed as they are here. In the stables we talked with a trooper, who was occupied in clipping the entire coat of a saddle-horse, having come down from his barracks in London for the purpose. This is a new idea, of only a few years' standing. The effect on

the appearance of the horse is certainly very improving. This custom has been maintained in Spain from time immemorial, where the mules are clipped annually at the entrance of the summer, though there they remove the whole hair with great address, and have an object separate from ornament, which is to diminish the difficulty of cleaning, and still better to prepare the animal for resistance to the intensity of the heat.

The display of horseflesh was very gratifying. There were four very fine bays, and as many grays. I was grieved to see, however, that the saddle as well as coach-horses were mutilated, and without tails. The Queen's carriages were exceedingly neat and plain, being chiefly chariots, with seats behind for the footmen, and without boxes. I was very much amused at the sight of a most formidable vehicle, which is used to transport the maids of the royal establishment from palace to palace. Though I had never seen it filled, I was ready, from what I had already observed of English maids, to believe that,

when duly freighted, it would contain as agreeable a collection of good looks, fresh complexions, and wholesome figures, as might anywhere be found. It was known by the humorous name of the Columbus. If the care-worn discoverer could have had that coach-load of comfort with him in some of his wayfarings, it would certainly have been a great and most acceptable solace to his weary soul.

Having forgotten to shew me the kitchen, my courteous conductor took me back to the Pavilion for the purpose. There was quite an army of joints, turning by means of clockwork machinery before a coal fire, in readiness for the royal lunch and the dinners of the domestics, while a reserve of haunches of mutton, venison, and poultry, was drawn up on the eminence of a distant table, ready to give at dinner the mercy-stroke to the gastronomic capabilities of the day. There were quantities of cooks, scullions, and women preparing pastry. They were scrupulously neat in their appearance, and every

thing in the place looked nice, clean, and decidedly English.

Upon the whole, I was pleased with the Pavilion. Though original, eccentric, and unlike any thing else, yet the effect is good. Perhaps it may be considered the most successful architectural oddity that was ever perpetrated. The expense of its construction was of course enormous, and indeed it laid the foundation of the subsequent pecuniary embarrassments of George IV. William, in speaking of it, once remarked, with the plain sense and nautical directness that distinguish him, "Well! though I must say that I should never have built such a place myself, since it is here I will enjoy it." Just as an old quarter-master, left heir-at-law by some departed brother of the compass and cun-ladder to an outlandish pea-jacket, might say, "Well, this is bloody curious, to be sure, with all these out-of-the-way stow-holes" (running his hands into the pockets), "but since Jack has taken the trouble to have it built, and been so kind as

to die and leave it to me, why here's put her on, right off the reel; and a bloody good fit it is, too."

I expected to leave Brighton without having seen a glimpse of the sun, or enjoyed the comfort of so much as one fine day. Such, however, was not to be the case. The Wednesday subsequent to my arrival the wind lulled, the clouds scattered themselves, and the sun peeped mildly and languidly out, lighting up the scene with a subdued cheerfulness. When I went forth, after breakfast, I found that others had been waiting for this relenting mood besides myself. The whole town was in an uproar of bustle and preparation. The fox-hunting population, who had been unable to participate in their favourite pastime for many days, were all mounted, and in high feather, spurring gaily through the town, with a polish on themselves and their well-groomed horses which was likely to be a little dimmed by the adventures of the day.

There was no end to the gigs and equipages

of various sorts, turning out on all sides for a drive. The number of pedestrians, also, was not inconsiderable. The females were well clothed, and stoutly and sensibly shod, and wore in their countenances a most pleasing expression of freshness and good health. There were quantities of fine children sporting along the quay, under the care of their nurses, each with its toy of some sort, a pair of dissatisfied dogs, drawing very much against their will, or a pet goat harnessed to a neat phaeton.

The modes of getting rid of time, which seemed to be the great end and object of all, were various. Some lounged into reading-rooms; some sat down deliberately in shops, to make the most of the little business they were blessed with; some had themselves weighed, and were able to judge of their relative condition. Thus was the burden of the day got rid of. In the afternoon all repaired, by common consent, to walk, ride, or drive along the ramparts by the seaside. There were a great many ladies on horseback, riding beautifully, and with

the confidence of assured skill; some were unattended by gentlemen, being followed by their servants; there were two whom I noticed in a phaeton, quite alone, driving a very spirited pair of horses, which one of them managed with consummate ease and skill; two grooms in livery, and admirably well mounted, followed them at a distance, leaving them quite unembarrassed, and without the fear of being overheard, to make their remarks upon those who were passing. There was every species of equipage represented here, from the pony phaeton to the lumbering fly, which seemed ever on the ascent. Even the Queen added her beautiful and rapid equipage, for a moment, to swell and give brilliancy to the concourse.

It would have been difficult anywhere to see a more brilliant spectacle, not only as far as the equipages were concerned, and the high-bred animals that drew them, but also as respects the collection of men and women which the occasion had assembled. The men were well grown, manly, and graceful, with fresh and handsome

countenances; the women were most pleasing in their appearance, with an air of health and cheerfulness, added to an expression of great intelligence, in countenances which were, moreover, often radiant with brightness and beauty.

I considered myself particularly fortunate, while at Brighton, to hear that there was to be a hurdle-race over the neighbouring course. This was a new style of racing, which had become very fashionable, and of which I felt very curious to see a specimen. On the morning fixed for it, it blew the usual hurricane. Sailor as I was, though a very tolerable horseman, I knew better than to perch myself on horseback in such weather, which was just the time for housing masts and striking yards instead of spreading any thing additional to the wind. I engaged a fly, therefore, to carry me to the scene of action; but, while I was preparing to go, the driver took himself off. There was not a vehicle in sight, and there was no choice but to walk, which was indeed no very great hardship, as the distance was only a mile.

The wind, moreover, was directly aft; and, catching against my cloak and outspread elbows, drove me on like a ship under two lower studding-sails, making it only necessary to move my feet at double quick time, without making any muscular exertion whatever.

The hills which overlook Brighton landward, and protect it from the north winds, are called the Downs. They are composed entirely of chalk, being covered with soil to the depth of a very few feet. They are not cultivated, but almost everywhere covered with grass, which serves as an excellent pasture for sheep, producing mutton of superior flavour, which is very celebrated. These hills have a gradual swell, and are not disagreeable objects, though monotonous, and naked of trees. They were to be the scene of the race; and, on reaching the allotted spot, I already found the place thronged with people. I at once took refuge in the station-house, to escape from the force of the wind, which here blew with tenfold fury.

On looking round me from this more com-

fortable post, the scene which presented itself was gay and animated. There was a brilliant assemblage of the rich and distinguished population of the neighbouring watering-places; some were in tasteful chariots, driven by gaily-dressed postillions; others driving four-in-hand; mounted gentlemen, followed by their grooms, or others, who were officers, by their orderlies in uniform; the grooms being usually more gaily mounted than their masters. Notwithstanding the violence of the wind, there were even ladies on horseback, though they seemed as if about to be torn into ribands, and driven piecemeal by its violence. Among the more undistinguished throng were groups of private soldiers in their gay scarlet; stout and merry wives from the neighbouring villages, who seemed not at all afflicted by the discomposure of their dress; and numbers of sturdy peasants in smock frocks, leathern leggings, like stockings, and apparently as much fixtures as those of Gurth, the swineherd, and having on coarse laced shoes, shod with pounds of iron. There

were, also, venders of cakes and strong beer, attending to the behests of these last as they called out roughly—"I say, master! a pint of heavy wet!" Some fellows were trying, in various parts of the field,—not everywhere ineffectually,—to start some game they might turn to their advantage, or to get up a fight, which might be as useful to them; others, very much out at the elbows, slyly skulked about, watching, apparently, for a chance to lift the "blunt," or other moveable property of the unwary, when they should be lost in the excitement of the race.

The ardour with which these manly sports are pursued in England was sufficiently shewn by the circumstances of so great a crowd having assembled, notwithstanding the unpropitious character of the day. The wind, indeed, blew with such violence, that the garments of the spectators fluttered on all sides like split top-sails in a hurricane at sea; hats, handkerchiefs, shawls, and cloaks, were perpetually escaping, and driving far before the blast. The horses

often refused to face it, and turned to escape its force; and in the course of the day I saw, myself, two flies, now first doubtless meriting the name, which were blown completely over, carrying the drivers with them. One of these accidents occurred immediately beneath the station-house, amid a large crowd, where many might have been injured, and possibly killed, but, very fortunately, there was no one caught by the overturned vehicle.

The course over which the race was to be run was neither level nor circular. It was nearly two miles long, branching out into an elliptic form at the extremity, which turned the horses, and brought them back again to the stand by the same road on which they had left it. In leaving the starting place, the horses were to leap, in succession, three sheep-hurdles —a species of wicket-fence, three or four feet high, and used as a temporary enclosure for sheep—placed at distances of a hundred yards from each other, and these were to be again leaped in returning to the winning-post.

The scene was brilliantly animated within the enclosure, when the cloths were stripped off the horses, and the riders vaulted into the saddle. The horses, ten in number, were stout and powerful hunters, and though not full-blooded, or having a very racing look, yet still appearing well suited to the heavy work that was before them. The riders were all gentlemen, generally riding their own horses, and beautifully dressed in white breeches, top boots, and caps and jackets of crimson, purple, violet, or tartan. They sat finely and gracefully on their powerful horses, heedless of hurdles, hurricanes, or whatever might betide them, though the feat they were about to undertake was not wholly without its dangers.

At length they all started together, and at a round pace. The horse mounted by the rider in tartan, which was as gallant in his bearing as any at the outset, refused the very first hurdle, bringing his rider with a sudden bolt completely over his head. He was, however, anything but

a dead man; in an instant he was mounted, and at length fairly forced his horse over. Charging boldly at the second hurdle his horse bolted again, and again he made a summerset, and so on three times in succession, at each falling on his back or head with more or less violence, but with no diminution of courage. Meantime the rest pursued their way with such fortune as they might. In returning to where the tartan chief was fiercely battling with his recusant charger, two horses swerved in leaping the hurdle, and came with their riders violently to the ground. And thus the race continued through its various heats, the horsemen riding over each other in turn, and each meeting with accidents enough to have killed a dozen, yet the whole ending without one broken bone, or a single one of the hardy horsemen losing heart, however maltreated. The spectacle, on the whole, was the most brilliant one of the sort I had ever seen; and the exhibition of the bold and fearless character which is developed among Englishmen by

the pursuit of field sports, was most creditable to the country and pleasing to contemplate.

I was fortunate enough to find a carriage to return in, as meeting the wind face to face would have been a formidable encounter. Indeed, it blew so hard that it was not without exertion that the horses could draw the carriage down a tolerably steep hill. Sometimes the fly-men would have to descend and draw their horses downward by the head. A few horse-women, scattered along the road, were well-nigh torn asunder by the pitiless blast; and, what with fluttering attire, escaping hat, and dishevelled hair, offered the most piteous spectacle in the world. Don Quixote should have been there to add to the variety of his adventures, by battling with the wind in the cause of these distressed damsels. The walkers only got forward by stretching so far out of the perpendicular, as to have the air of men swimming for their lives.

My time at Brighton did not pass very agreeably. The only persons I knew there had left.

I afterward found, indeed, that had I overlooked my letters, and cast about me a little, I might have made some useful acquaintance. One individual in particular, not less distinguished for the charms of his character than the graces of his mind, and whose kindness subsequently sought me out, and loaded me with many and most acceptable favours, heard of my having been there, and regretted that the opportunity had not then occurred of being useful to me. Had I known this circumstance at the time, my situation would have been very different, and all my subsequent movements might have been essentially modified. As it was, my time hung heavily. Though the hotel was a good one, I began to tire of it. The inmates of the coffee-room were, as I before said, very agreeable people. And many of them, discovering by my correspondence—exhibited with the rest each morning on the chimney—that I was a foreigner, began to address me and offer me civilities.

I was, however, weary with seeing the land-

lord enter each day, at the same hour, with a similar leg of mutton, and deposit it solemnly before me; this daily tête-à-tête with a sheep's leg began to annoy me. I took a violent dislike moreover to the waiter. He was a shrewd, clever, and active fellow enough, and not wanting in civility. But his fortunes had elevated him above his sphere, and he was aspiring to be himself an innkeeper. He had accumulated a little property from his gleanings in the coffee-room, the which property he had invested in certain flies, which stood at the inn door for the use of the guests. Now, if a guest required a fly, it was the thing of all others in which he was likely to secure the prompt attention of the waiter; while another, who pined for cotelettes or collops, was left to languish in hopeless and unheeded deprivation.

There were other circumstances about the establishment, with which I was in the humour to be displeased. The house was full of young women of an interesting age, and most of them sufficiently well-looking. These cumbered

stairways and passages, and met me at every turning. All their occupations were accompanied by music; thus, a lusty siren who scrubbed about my door, serenaded me each morning with the seductive accents of—"I have loved thee;" while a more sentimental damsel, whose duty it was to fill the pitchers, sighed forth her soul each evening in the fond invitation—"Meet me by moonlight alone!"

The long nights, which, for want of better occupation, I passed alone in my chamber, devoured by ennui, and with the lurid glare of the sea-coal fire scattering a melancholy and partial light around me, were full of misery. The only real pleasure within my reach was to repair to the esplanade leading to the Pier. Here were one or two rude benches under cover from the weather; the surf beat immediately at my feet, while, behind, all other objects were excluded by the high parapet, which protected the town from the encroachments of the sea. During the day this place was much resorted to by fashionable walkers, but by night

not a footfall disturbed its silent walks, and then a man might seek out this solitude, and be alone with nature and himself. Here I was wont to repair in the dead of the night, and, enveloped in my cloak, stretch myself on one of these benches. Usually, the sky lowered, the blast swept by, bringing with it an occasional shower, to which the sea would mingle its mists. Then, to contemplate this strife of the elements, and listen to the voice of terror in which they gave utterance to their rage, was to me a peculiar pleasure.

From my youth I had been familiar with the sea, yet never before had I been so impressed with its grandeur. I had lived among its horrors until they had become familiar to me as my most well-known friends. But now to contemplate the ocean in its angriest mood, from the comfort and security of a sheltered situation, with unnumbered objects of comparison around me, and fresh from the contact with the common circumstances of an every-day exist-

ence, heightened immeasurably the sublimity of the scene.

On one single occasion the night was tranquil; though the surf still beat with violence, the wind scarce sighed audibly over the broken waves, and the pale moon looked tremulously forth, silvering the tips of the broken billows, which, though the storm had gone by, and the breeze was gentleness itself, still danced madly, as if in terror of their past agitation. It is in such a moment, and when thus surrounded, that we love to abandon ourselves to the wings of our imagination, to search into the hidden recesses of the memory, and the sacred places of the heart, and bring forth whatever is connected with our tenderest recollections of the past.

At the end of a week I started for London by the Wonder coach, having left Brighton at eight o'clock. The top of the coach was covered with schoolboys, who were returning to their friends in London to pass the Christmas

holidays. Though they might be very well supposed to be half-perished with cold, as indeed their vivacious stamping on the roof of the coach sufficiently indicated, yet they were full of glee and merriment, shouting and cheering as we went, as if possessed. So soon as the day dawned they began to shoot peas, through long tubes which they had for the purpose, into the face of every one we met. There were several other coaches similarly blessed; and when we passed each other, the urchins would mutually prepare to fire a volley, which, to judge from the report on our window-glasses of some of the enemy's shots, I should have esteemed anything but acceptable. The youths on the various coaches seemed mutually to have encouraged the coachmen by words or promises, and to have inspired the dignified knights of the whip with something of their own vivacity, for we bowled along at a wondrous rate, even taking the name of our coach into consideration.

We struck at once to the north, climbing the

Downs. As the day dawned, I was pleased with the appearance of that part of the country which I had missed seeing on the drive down. There were many country-seats, and ornamental cottages of great beauty. In the kitchen gardens, of which there were many in sheltered situations by the roadside, I noticed it as not a little extraordinary, considering the season of the year, that many vegetables, such as lettuce, spinach, and others, were perfectly green and fresh. The grass was in the same condition. The fields were filled with fat sheep of the South-Down breed, the freshness and richness of the pasture sufficiently accounting for their well-fed condition. In others, the cows and oxen were taking their breakfast of dry hay, which had been scattered along the hawthorn trees to make it more tempting.

These cares were attended to by sturdy peasants, in white frocks, gaiters, and hobnailed or wooden-soled shoes, who strode forward with indifference through the rain and wet grass; others, of inferior condition and worse clad,

were engaged in breaking flints and sprinkling them on the road, or else in taking off the scrapings, so as to leave it smooth and level. At various points were notices, conspicuously placed, proclaiming the penalty which was to be inflicted on those who should remove the "road scrapings." The condition of the poor cannot be very enviable where there could be theft of this description.

A little gipsy group, which we saw in the course of the morning, breakfasting under a hedge by the roadside, reminded me of scenes with which I was already familiar through the medium of pictures, novels, and descriptive sketches of English life. There was a little cart, the receptacle of rags, findings, and plunder of various sorts, from which a shaggy pony had been released, to crop the grass along the hedges. The tent had not been pitched, but the family group, consisting of father, mother, and two children, were collected about the tea-kettle, under shelter of a hedge, and making a meal, which their morning's exertions, and the stimu-

lating effects of the open air in which they lived, no doubt rendered palatable.

At every six or seven miles we changed horses, an operation which did not delay us more than a minute or two. Sometimes at the foot of a hill, though of so slight elevation as to be scarce distinguishable as such, we would meet a mounted postillion with an extra pair of horses, which, taking us quickly in tow, would whirl us upward at a gallop.

Having paused ten minutes at Crawley for breakfast, we again set forward, and in four hours and fifty minutes from the time of our starting from Brighton, we were set down at the Elephant and Castle, a distance of fifty-eight miles. The best driving indeed in England is found on this road. Many of the coaches are drawn throughout by beautiful and spirited horses, and some of the drivers are men of ruined fortunes, backsliders from distinguished families. Thus, I was told that one of them was the son of a baronet, and that a rattle-headed marquis, famous as a whip, not unfrequently

amused himself in playing the coachman on this road.

My fellow-passengers of the inside were a young couple, who, from the pleasure they seemed to take in each other's society, I imagined to be newly married, and a third person, somewhat older, very particular about the care of his luggage, and the comfortable accommodation of his person, and who, from the confirmed character of his ways and habits, was as evidently a selfish and inveterate bachelor. This last individual was valetudinarian and hypochondriac. He had travelled extensively on the continent; knew a great deal about prices and the expense of living there; had been a little enlightened on the subject of cookery, and knew a thing or two about Rhenish and French wines. During the drive he edified us with a complete history of his complaints, and engaged in conversation with his countryman, sitting opposite to him, about the fashionable news of the Court at Brighton.

I was not a little astonished at the pleasure these people seemed to take in vying to shew

their acquaintance with the private and familiar history of titled people, to whom it was impossible, from a certain vulgar pretension of manner, that they could themselves be personally known, and in talking of entertainments in high life, and pleasures from which they were necessarily excluded. I subsequently found this unworthy custom to be a sufficiently prevailing one. What most shocked me, however, was the familiarity which the elder traveller shewed with some of the inferior arrangements of the king's domestic establishment, and the singular pleasure he took in describing a Norfolk pie, which the king had lunched from on the preceding Sunday, and of which he had eaten, the day previous, at dinner. It was evident from his tone and manner, that if there were any act or circumstance of his past life of which he felt that he had reason to be proud, it was the eating of that pie. The reminiscence seemed to kindle within him an enthusiasm of self-contentment, equal to the achievement of the most honourable deeds.

As our coach terminated its career in the City, and not at the West End, such of the passengers as were going to the latter transferred themselves to an omnibus, and went off in the direction of Westminster. When the last of us descended to take hackney-coaches in Regent-street, our young couple discovered, to their dismay, that one of their portmanteaus was missing. It was that of the lady, and doubtless contained the jewels and finery with which she had been striving to dazzle the gay world at Brighton. What pen may venture to describe the looks of dismay with which the hitherto happy pair gazed at each separate article, produced from top, and boot, and stow-hole, until all were on the pavement, and saw, that what their eyes so earnestly sought to rest upon, was not! The grief with which Jacob bewailed the loss of Joseph might convey some notion of the scene; or if, reader, you have ever beheld the terrified solicitude with which a dog, suddenly deposited in a crowd, in a strange city, courses the pavement and seeks for his lost master, you

may conceive the anxious and intense bewilderment of our hapless bridegroom. The loss of luggage in America, where people travel in bunches of six hundred, is the commonest occurrence in the world, and occasions sufficient inconvenience, although the missing article, if duly labelled, is sure to return, like another prodigal son; but in London, where fifty thousand of the most ingenious inhabitants live without means or labour upon the goods of their fellow-men, the loser of a trunk has nothing better to do than to fold his hands, and utter an exclamation analogous to that of the bereaved Boabdil —"Wo is me, Alhama!"

Having promised to domesticate myself under the roof of the friend who had accompanied me to Brighton, and who had already returned, I took my way to the Regent's Park. Here I found myself most pleasantly situated, in that part of London which I still continued to think the most attractive, even when I had become familiar with the whole metropolis; having almost entire possession of a charming mansion,

filled with every imaginable luxury and comfort, and commodious to a degree scarcely known in our own country, with abundance of civil and attentive servants, and a carriage or a saddle-horse perpetually at my disposal. The avocations of my friend and my own, if I might be said to have any, ceased at the same time, and our evenings passed together in a social intercourse, of which his amiable character and agreeable qualities render the recollection most pleasing to me. I began now to believe in the possibility of my being able to weather out, in this snug anchorage, the horrors of a London winter, and to accomplish that which I so much regretted having undertaken. Circumstances, however, very soon occurred to change my plans, and send me, a very willing exile, to sunnier and more congenial climes.

CHAPTER XI.

LONDON.

Christmas—Celebration by Populace — Comparison with Catholic Countries—Westminster Abbey—Exterior—Interior—Services—Sermon—Tombs—Den of a great Publisher.

THE merry season of Christmas was now approaching; and there was much to indicate that, however the times might have changed, and lost their poetry and pastimes in the more prosaic and utilitarian usages of the age of radicalism and of steam, it was not to go by wholly unhonoured. The shops began to glow out with additional lustre; the goods were displayed in the windows to tempt the passers with more than usual coquetry; and not a few of the lower classes began the prelude, by flourishes

of drunken preparation, to the scene of debauchery which the streets of London were presently to exhibit.

Among the more pleasing evidences of preparation for some great feast, in whose joys there were to be many partakers, was the arrival of untold quantities of game by the vans and coaches from every part of the kingdom, whether sent as presents from the country to friends in town, or to swell the stock in trade of some extensive poulterer. The game thus transported by coach in England, from one extremity to the other, is packed in boxes or hampers, or else left loose, where the distance is not considerable. Such, indeed, is the influx of game from some of the counties at this season, that the coaches are often exclusively freighted with it; and I saw one coach from Norfolk come whisking up to the Bull and Mouth, the day before Christmas, drawn by six smoking horses, and festooned in every direction—body, box, and carriage—with moor-fowl,

hares, and partridges; and exhibiting, moreover, for inside passengers, instead of the querulous features of weazen-faced old maids, or the bottle-nose of doughty half-pay officer, or the anxious countenance of muffled valetudinarian, the more interesting spectacle of dangling goose-heads, looking more than usually silly, or the whitened gills of what had late been vapouring and consequential turkey-gobblers.

The riot had already commenced, one day in advance. An ill-judged charity, or their own economy, had furnished the most wretched of the populace with the means of brutal indulgence, and at nightfall the streets of the capital resounded with drunken brawls, and the clamours of a pervading debauchery. That night I went to Covent Garden theatre, to see the Christmas spectacle of Mother Hubbard and her Dog. Having tired of this, I next went to Drury Lane, where there was a most brilliant pageant, founded on the fable of St. George and the Dragon, and the Seven Champions of

Christendom. In both places the audience was of a character more disgusting than can be furnished by any other capital in the world.

In the places of inferior price the occupants were sitting in their shirt sleeves, their coats hanging down before the boxes, and sometimes falling; bottles were passing from mouth to mouth, while immediately below me sat two ruffians with their sweethearts, who, in addition to their bottle of gin, had a glass to drink it from, either because their tastes were more scrupulous, or because they had an eye to the just distribution of their "lush." One of them, who had but half a nose, kept his arm about the neck of his greasy partner, and indulged in open dalliance, in which, indeed, he was supported by the example of many others, in the face of the audience.

This, in the boxes, consisted chiefly of persons of a tender age of either sex, who, having returned from their boarding-schools to spend the holidays at home, were brought by their parents to see what they might. The spectacle

off the stage was at all events an edifying one; and what with the shouts, groans, the whistling, and deafening din, I left the place at length, completely stunned and heart-sick.

There was nothing very refreshing in the scenes without. Here, too, the air was foul with gas, smoke, and ill odours of every sort. It was raining in a slow, deliberate manner. The streets, and they who perambulated them, were reeking with mud, while the corners and other stations, where a more than usually brilliant display of gas-lights and stained glass announced the position of a gin-palace, were surrounded by ragged throngs, whose flushed faces, tainted breaths, and noisy clamour, gave evidence of the depth of their potations. These groups were not composed alone of the ruder sex, but women from the labouring classes of life, as well as of a more wretched description, mingled in equal numbers. Many swaggered homeward, cursing, or chanting a drunken catch, with a bottle in each hand, while others, only singly armed, sustained on the other side

an unconscious infant, exposed thus soon to the inclemency of the weather, and doomed to suck its earliest nourishment from a bosom polluted by poisonous ministerings.

It was near two o'clock: the light of day, withdrawn some ten hours earlier, had proclaimed that this was the season meant by nature for repose; yet everywhere the streets were thronged with whatever was unseemly in the spectacle of human degradation. The ears were shocked with slang and obscenity, and from blind alleys, constituting the darker haunts of misery and vice, proceeded the fierce clamour of drunken strife, and reiterated cries of "Murder! murder!"

As I went musing homeward, it was difficult to realize that that which I had contemplated was done in commemoration of the Nativity of our Saviour. It was by drunken orgies, murderous brawls, and shameless prostitution, that the English populace celebrated the advent of Him who came to establish a pure and unsullied religion—"the Lamb which taketh away the

sins of the world." I could not help remembering that the last Christmas had found me among the Mahonese, a people who, being both Catholic and Spanish, had, as such, a double claim to the scorn and pity of Englishmen. What were the circumstances there attending the celebration of Noche Buena—the happy night of all the year?

Why, the streets were gay with groups of mirthful and merry-making maskers, pausing to sing and to dance beneath balcony or veranda, until, as the midnight hour approached that fulfilled the period of the thrice joyous anniversary, all were seen to seek the temple which was to be the scene of its celebration. Behold the vast area of the noble edifice, filled with adoring thousands kneeling humbly on the pavement, as they contemplated the mystery which shadowed forth the scene of the Nativity, the Gothic roof trembling with the glad sounds of angelic hallelujahs, or reverberating to the joyous and life-inspiring strains peeled forth by that noble organ, thrilling the feelings with

untold ecstasy, and elevating the soul heavenward with a holy joy, by strains not unworthy of the skies. There was no intoxication, save what might be found in the delirious transports of believers, quickened into a sublime enthusiasm at the advent of the Redeemer.

On Christmas-day my friend drove me to Westminster Abbey, to attend the morning service there, which I expected would be, considering the greatness of the occasion, rich with pomp and ceremony. I had already frequently passed near this noble pile, which in magnificence of extent, grandeur of proportions, and elaborate beauty of construction, compared most favourably with the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture which I had seen, and these included whatever is celebrated throughout Europe. It possesses, indeed, a symmetrical and homogeneous character throughout, that is not often found in these vast piles, which, erected for the most part in various succeeding ages, generally bear the impression of the conflicting and discordant tastes of their constructors.

There is, however, one defect in the external appearance which is sufficiently obvious, and this is, the too great length compared with the height, though this, within, adds vastly to the character of grandeur and continuity, as you look along the naves from extremity to extremity. This defect of the exterior is moreover increased by the addition of Henry VII.'s chapel, on the east, which is a complete construction in itself, having its own proportions and style of architecture, namely, the florid and highly-ornamented Gothic, and which, however superlatively beautiful when singly considered, is, as forming part of the whole, an ungainly and injurious excrescence.

If, however, there were any impression at variance with unqualified admiration in contemplating this grand structure from without, that impression vanished as I traversed the cloisters, and, passing the noble portal, stood in the midst of columns, and arches, and swelling naves, surrounded by the mighty dead of England, the treasured remains, the sculptured

effigies, and the recorded epitaphs of those who have emblazoned our history with the brightness of their deeds, immortalized our language, and shed undying glory on our race.

It was the Poet's Corner, and I would have knelt, in imagination at least, before the effigy of Shakspeare, to offer the passing adoration of my mind and my heart, and to bless him for the elevation and dignity he had conferred on that nature in which I glowed with pride and enthusiasm to feel that I was a common participator. But I was not permitted to pause, being at once ushered by grotesquely-liveried beadles, armed with maces, into the interior sanctuary of the choir, which is a church of sufficient dimensions in itself, fashioned within the central nave of the cathedral, and set apart for the services of a worship which does not admit of being exercised in a vast and too extended an edifice.

The choir was separated from the body of the abbey by screens of richly-carved wood, and a lofty organ intersecting the central nave, and

interrupting the grand effect of its continuous ranges of columns and arches. There was, however, a partial glimpse of its vastness and grandeur above and on either hand, where the eye followed the columns of dark marble as they expanded into pointed arches, supporting in turn the ribbed and fretted roof, which, rich with gilding and blazonry, swelled nobly harmonious above, while, at either extremity of the cross, the stained and storied windows admitted a dim and solemn light, which grew and waned perpetually with the fitful alternations of the sky.

The service was about to commence; many of the seats were already filled; and the beadle, having scanned our air and attire to graduate his courtesy, conducted us to a very comfortable seat, holding out, as we entered, his familiar hand to receive the customary gratification. There were many clergymen seated in the stalls of the choir on either hand, while lower down were bands of professional chanters and boys, dressed as in Catholic cathedrals, and contributing, with the effect of the edifice, to carry the

mind back to the Romish usages of which it was for so many centuries the scene.

At the chiming of a small bell, telling the quarters, the services commenced. A well-fed, dark-haired, and whiskered clergyman led off in a soft melodious voice, cadenced as in the mass, and the responses were made in the same style, from the entire choir, the organ playing the customary accompaniment. The effect of this service was very similar to that of the Roman church, doubtless being precisely that which came in use at the Reformation, the Litany being translated, and the English language substituted for the Latin, with preservation of the Roman forms. There was much of the same pomp, and the well-drilled chanter seemed to study the harmony of his accents more than solemnity of utterance. The effect of the liturgy in this form, in which very important words were occasionally swallowed and lost to the hearer, was not unlike that which is produced—if one might compare a church to a theatre—by the subjection of Shakspeare's sentences to

operatic forms. It is, however, but fair to add, that if, as the perversion grew familiar to me, I learned gradually to listen with composure to Othello's song when he is about to stifle Desdemona, so also in process of time I came to like the cathedral service of the Church of England, and to seek every occasion of listening to it.

As for our sermon, instead of glowing with feeling and eloquence, and being filled with exulting pictures of that scheme of redemption which it was Christ's mission to fulfil, it was from first to last a cold and listless declamation about the lusts of the world, the flesh and the devil, uttered, if not with an air of unbelief, at least with one of supreme indifference whether belief were inspired in others. It was almost ludicrous to observe the heartless manner in which the faithful were told that religion must be of the heart. In short, it was quite evident that the sermon was preached because it was paid for, though unquestionably beyond its value. The preacher had a small head, a delicate hand, a decidedly fashionable look, and an

extreme air of good tone. Every thing about him, indeed, spoke of a famous salary,—the gift of God, by whose providence he had been born of good family, and shewed that he was in no manner indebted to his flock of miscellaneous hearers, who might either repair to, or keep aloof from, a richly-endowed establishment, which was alike independent of their charity and their faith.

If I were eager for the close of the sermon because it was a stupid one, I had also an additional motive of impatience in my desire to loiter through the aisles of the Abbey, examining its rich monuments and eloquent inscriptions, and offering my homage at the shrine of departed genius. In this intention, however, I was frustrated by the assiduous beadles, who headed me off as I was starting on my excursion, ushering me out as rapidly as the rest. This, indeed, was one of the days of the year in which the Abbey is not shewn; for the pilgrim, no matter from what distance he may have wandered, is not permitted to approach the remains of Milton

and Shakspeare without the payment of money. The sentiments which such a visit is calculated to awaken in a generous bosom are sold for silver, passing into the pockets of the greedy gleaners, or expended in repairs, which might well be met by the ample endowment provided by the piety of past ages, were it not diverted from its legitimate uses to minister to the cravings of sacerdotal avarice.

I had to repeat my visit to the Abbey the following day, and wandered through the precincts, examining the monuments, and reading the inscriptions, with such a feeling of awe and admiration as they were suited to inspire. There is no end, indeed, to the claims to one's attention on every side; for architecture, sculpture, and the consecrating associations of genius, of greatness, and of misfortune, are all here to awaken the admiration, or stir the sympathies with a tender and touching interest.

In the chapel of Henry VII. the mind is awed by the gorgeous character of the architecture, and by the splendour of the monuments

which entomb the buried majesty of England's kings; while above are seen the swords, the helmets, and the waving banners of the knights of one of the noblest orders of Christendom, to complete the impression of the scene, and fill the imagination with images of magnificence and pomp. Now, one of the tenderest and most mournful recollections which history and a Shakspeare's muse have traced in the memory, is quickened into new life by the sight of that tomb beneath which repose the remains of the early victims of a Richard's cruelty; anon, the proud sepulchre of the murdered Mary is seen to mock, by its pomp and gorgeousness, the unequalled misfortunes of that queen, so renowned for beauty, genius, and attraction; who added every loveliness of person to the most bewitching graces of the mind; and who only closed a hopeless captivity, which extended through half a life, begun with every circumstance of auspiciousness and promise, with a death of ignominy and horror.

With what a melancholy feeling does the

fancy not revert from the proud effigy of the queen, full of loveliness, and clothed with all the emblems of state and power, to the days succeeding that of her execution at Fotheringay, during which her headless trunk, deserted by her women, who were not permitted to approach it, and render the decencies which the meanest of her sex might have claimed for her remains, lay exposed in a lumber-room, with no death-clothes more becoming than the tatters of an old cloth, which had been torn from a billiard-table!

In a chantry over one of the chapels were some wainscot presses, containing wax figures of various princes, heroes, and statesmen. Among them was one of Queen Elizabeth, executed with admirable reality and life, and dressed, as I was told, in garments which she had worn. The figure is tall and commanding; but the face is imperious and forbidding, the complexion bad, and the hair coarse and carroty. I was delighted to find this evidence that the beauty on which she prided herself, and which she was

fain to place in competition with that of her persecuted and murdered rival, had no existence save in her own vanity, and the base flattery of sycophants and courtiers.

Here is also a similar statue, which I gazed on with very different feelings. It is that of Nelson, taken from the life, dressed in his own clothes, and fresh with the hues of health. On the glass case are those words in which the hero gave utterance to his aspirations, previous to that battle which closed his splendid career—"Victory or Westminster Abbey!" I know not why they should have been placed there, unless to shew that, from whatever motive, his last behest had not been held sacred.

In another part of the Abbey is an effigy of like execution, representing Charles I. in the robes which he was wont to wear at Windsor, at the installation of the knights of the Garter. It bespeaks the same genius, the same amiability, the same mournfulness, the same presentiment of melancholy and misfortune to come, which characterise those noble portraits of Van-

dyke, who seems, as it were, to have shadowed forth in anticipation the fate of his illustrious patron. How sorrowful is the nature of those feelings which are awakened by the contemplation of this countenance, in whomsoever has a heart to admire genius or to pity misfortune! Brave, generous, talented, courteous, full of tenderness and romantic devotion to the gentler sex, Charles, with all the nobler and better qualities of Mary Stuart, was a stranger to her vices. Yet, like her, he died on the scaffold; though, in his case, popular violence, and not the jealousy and feigned dread of a rival, aimed the blow.

Among the objects of curiosity preserved in Westminster Abbey are the famed Doomsday-book, and the stone brought from Scone, with the regalia of Scotland, by the first Edward, and reputed to be that veritable pillow on which Jacob reclined during the night when his sleep was so disturbed by terrifying visions. Perhaps there could scarce be devised a surer provocation to dreams than a pillow such as this. My

own tastes led me, however, rather to dwell upon the beauty or associated interest of the monuments and the eloquence of the inscriptions, than to attend to the claims of these venerable representatives of a remote antiquity. The circumstances, however, under which the Abbey is seen, are not very favourable to the indulgence of those feelings which almost every object is suited to awaken. Whoever has visited Westminster Abbey, will bear witness with me to the annoyance and disgust which are awakened in the mind by the low slang, the unintelligible jargon, the grotesque and cockney commentaries of the mercenary and degraded showmen, disturbing, as they do perpetually, the current of gentle thought, and melancholy musings.

Many pieces of sculpture here possess great beauty. Among those which arrested my attention, I was most struck with one by Roubillac. It represents a beautiful lady reposing in the arms of her husband, while Death is seen starting from the half open lid of a sarcophagus

beneath, grasping in his skeleton hand a dart, which he directs to the heart of his victim. Her spirit seems to fade at the approach of the unerring weapon. The husband, overcome with dismay, in vain clasps her in an affectionate embrace, which is yet powerless to protect her from the grim King of Terrors, whose whole figure expresses a singular ruthlessness, energy, and exultation, which the sculptor, with inconceivable and perplexing art, has been able to infuse into a mere fleshless skeleton.

There are also two statues by Chantrey, one of Canning, the other of Watt, the engineer, which conveyed to me an idea of the genius of that artist very different from, and very superior to, that which I had formed from his statue of Washington, in which he has treated the grandest subject that ever fell into his hands, whether we consider the history and character of the individual, or the nobleness of his form and features, without genius or skill. Canova's conception of the hero was of a far different character. There is something godlike and sublime in

his noble creation, at once worthy of Canova, and worthy of Washington.

There was one circumstance which struck me as extraordinary, as I loitered through the aisles, and this was the frequent evidence of recent mutilation. This is particularly noticeable in the monument to the memory of Major André. There are a number of bass-reliefs about it, which have been purposely injured, the nose being broken from most of the figures. If it had been an old monument, dating previous to the Commonwealth, the origin and cause of this destruction would have been sufficiently obvious; for Cromwell's followers, in their double capacity of Presbyterians and plebeians, had an equal horror for images of all sorts, and for whatever they might conceive to be either idolatrous or aristocratic; wherever they passed they dealt largely in mutilation, and were as fatal to marble noses as some diseases are to real ones. This monument of André, however, is of our own times. There was nothing in his fate to excite other sentiments than those of pity, and

the mutilation of his monument can only be taken as an evidence of a popular propensity for destruction.

It is in the Poet's Corner, however, that the pilgrim's footsteps most fondly linger. It is there that his eyes—haply, not unsuffused with tears—trace and retrace names, and study lineaments, connected with his sublimest and tenderest associations, until at length his fancy almost places him in communion with the idols of his imagination. In no place, perhaps, is the sentiment of gratitude so nobly awakened as in this; a gratitude which is not onerous, which calls for no return but itself, which is freely rendered as a fit tribute for unalloyed pleasures, for happy hours, and endearing associations, for accessions of ideas which we could never have invented ourselves, and which yet become thenceforth and for ever our own.

It is no bold assertion, no childish dealing in extravagant and unfounded superlatives, to say, that no place in the world is capable of recalling so many associations, connected with whatever is

most godlike in human genius. Supposing each country to have—as it has not—a like hallowed receptacle for the remains of its most honoured children, yet which other of modern times can boast such a name as that of Shakspeare?—Where shall we look for the counterpart of the divine Milton?—Where else for the godlike and intuitive perception of the secrets of nature,—for a genius so nearly kindred to that which created it,—as that which characterized Newton, who, in the words of his epitaph—"first solved, on principles of his own, the figure and motions of the planets, the paths of comets, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, the nature of light, and the real character of the colours which arise from it, and by his philosophy maintained the dignity of the Supreme Being?—How great reason have not mortals to pride themselves in the existence of such an ornament of their race!"

The monuments of the Poet's Corner are blackened by time and the intrusion of an im-

pure atmosphere; but the memory of those to whom they are sacred is still and will ever be green in the hearts of their countrymen—of their countrymen on either side the ocean, whose intervening depths have no power to modify the common sentiment of love; and their fame, instead of being consigned to the sole keeping of those who dwell within the narrow circuit of this little, yet most renowned isle, is fast spreading itself over the boundless regions of a vast continent, whose population are equally its guardians; the preservers alike of that which they wrote, and of the language in which it was written; who are imbued with their sentiments, and have been ennobled by their inspirations; at whose firesides their busts take their place beside those of a Washington and a Franklin, the patriots who have bequeathed freedom to the land, and are enrolled among the household gods of a people whose homage and admiration are not frittered away in sentiments of indiscriminating loyalty to kings and princes, but re-

served in their integrity, to be offered as an undivided and undegraded tribute at the shrine of heroism and genius.

There was one parting regret with which I took leave of Westminster Abbey. I had seen many names there which I had never seen before, and which I ceased to remember ere I had left the cloisters; but I looked in vain for the familiar and honoured one of the chancellor Bacon.

In a quiet street of the more aristocratic region of London is the well-known den of a great publishing lion. No gilded sign, no obtrusive placards hung flauntingly in the street, are seen to catch the eye of passing stranger, and exercise their eloquence in converting him into a customer. A brass plate on the door alone announces a name familiar to title-pages, and connected in the mind with much that is most valuable in the literature of the age. Within this door a long room is seen, with well-filled shelves of books on either hand. A counter of polished oak on the left is strewn with reviews,

elegantly-printed prospectuses of forthcoming works, or beautiful volumes of tempting aspect, which announce the last triumphs of the press. Behind this, a single clerk is seen engaged with his accounts; while, in the obscurity beyond, a plodding shopman is busy, preparing boxes and parcels to be despatched to country customers by coach or van, and carry the latest edification or amusement to aristocratic halls, or the rural retreats of the curious and the intelligent.

So much may be discovered by whoever may wish to become the purchaser of a book. He who may have claims or courage to penetrate beyond, will discover a green door having a small glass peep-hole, concealed by a taffeta curtain of the same colour, and intended to reconnoitre indigent authors and pertinacious men of genius, the ponderous producers of voluminous epics, who, after years passed in dreams of immortality, and in the confidence of assimilation to a Shakspeare and a Milton, begin, at the end of an hour's attendance in the anteroom of the literary accoucheur, first to doubt the excellence

of their embryo, and go away at length, sunk from their high estate, and bursting with choler and vexation, at being told that what has cost them so many pangs is not worthy to be brought into the world.

Perhaps there is not in the wide world an object more pitiable than the self-imagined man of genius, when thus rudely awakened from his delusion. If a sense of power and a conviction of superiority be indeed, as is said to be the case, the common concomitant of genius, a modest diffidence and doubt is quite as usual a one. The first, indeed, is often attended by a prurient imagination, undirected by good taste, or an effervescence and pseudo poetry of feeling, unaided by any day-spring of ideas. When such a man arouses from his dream of god-like genius at the rude touch of the publisher's pencil,—scratching upon his manuscript the damnatory sentence—"Not of a description suited to the taste of the day"—or—"Mr. Blank, being much engaged, declines publishing,"—to the waking

conviction, that instead of an inspired and immortal poet, he is only a miserable rhymer; and that he has wasted, in the production of lame and limping verses, the time that, with security of profit, might have been advantageously employed in the casting up of accounts,—his situation must be miserable indeed.

The individual who, carried forward by his own impudence, or freely admitted, reaches the inner sanctuary beyond this mysterious door, discovers a small neat room with a few necessary articles of furniture; two or three chairs, and a writing-table, whose pigeon-holes are stuffed with blotted manuscripts, a few elegant volumes, and some costly engravings, the meditated embellishments of forthcoming works. If the lion should not have disappeared by some one of the various sally-ports, invented for the purpose of escape from unwelcome visitation, but be found in his den, the visitor beholds himself face to face with an individual slightly touched by time, yet firm and elastic in his step, and with an air

of activity and health; neat in his dress, of a gentlemanlike appearance, polished manners, and as much fluency of speech as falls commonly to the lot of his countrymen; and he is not sorry to have the opportunity of an interview with one who has been the best patron of literature in an age teeming with literary production.

Perhaps it may even be the lot of our visitor to penetrate to the apartments above, and to admire, with no common feeling of pleasure, the choice collection of manuscripts and letters, the originals of those which have attracted so much interest, and of whatever is most valuable in literature, there interspersed with noble portraits of some of its modern producers—men who have monopolized almost the attention of the age which they honoured, and who were the frequent breathers of this literary atmosphere, which their presence has consecrated. They who have had the opportunity of knowing will tell you, moreover, that these precincts, which

genius has hallowed, are still the not unfrequent resort of such choice spirits as remain, and that the feast of reason there celebrated is not the less so for being blended with banqueting of a more substantial character.

CHAPTER XII.

DEPARTURE FROM ENGLAND.

Leave London—Spread Eagle Coach—Road to Dover—Steamer—Voyage — Fellow-travellers — Disembarcation —Hotel Quillacq—Comparison of France and England —Conclusion.

The period of my leaving England came upon me very suddenly, and with little previous intimation. I received, on the first day of the new year, a note from the amiable and intelligent young friend who, at an age inferior to my own, so creditably filled the important station of our diplomatic agent at St. James's, requesting me to charge myself with despatches for our minister in Madrid, containing his new powers accrediting him to the government which had succeeded that of Ferdinand.

The civil war, which has continued with such disastrous fury to rage in the north of Spain, since the accession of Isabella II., had already commenced. The ordinary communications were intercepted on the direct route for some distance beyond the French frontier; couriers were perpetually interrupted and despoiled of their papers; and the latest gazettes brought intelligence of the detention and maltreatment of a French Secretary of Legation, his escort having been fired into. There were daily accounts of forays, charges, and loss of life, without much attention to the claims and immunities of strangers to the quarrel, even when they happened to be recognised. The service was then one of some difficulty, which, as an officer of the government, familiar, moreover, with the language and manners of the country to be traversed, I did not feel at liberty to decline.

I had, to be sure, a conscientious wish, growing out of some perseverance or obstinacy of disposition, by whichever name the quality may be dignified, to acquit myself of the literary un-

dertaking which had brought me to England, however distasteful it had already become to me; still, the alacrity with which I undertook the service proposed to me, the pleasure and return of cheerfulness, to which I had long been a stranger, with which I hurried through the various preparations consequent upon so sudden a change of purpose, and the undisguised and overflowing joy with which I took my seat the very next morning in the Spread Eagle coach for Dover, with a charge of some importance upon my mind, an immediate motive for exertion to arouse me from my stupor, all convinced me that, treacherous as was the feeling to the purpose which had brought me from my home, I was not sorry to escape from that merry England, which to me, at least, had proved to be otherwise, and to have the sunny Spain gleaming brightly in my recollection, as the end and object of my journey.

Our coach at starting was surrounded by the customary venders of knives, pencils, newspapers, and maps of the road, not forgetting the

eloquent Hibernian, who held up Hood's Comic Annual, with the solemn assurance that it would make us laugh the whole way to Dover. My fellow passengers within consisted of a Scotch lady and her son, who were going to reside at Honfleur, and a young Anglo-Frenchman from Mauritius, just turned adrift in the world, without any superfluity of ballast, and who had a famous scar on one side of his nose, which sufficiently indicated that he was of an adventurous disposition.

As far as Gravesend, the road was the same which I had traversed on my first journey in England. Towards Rochester, the country lost its level character, and became more broken and picturesque than any that I had yet seen in England. The hills were higher, and more boldly undulated; and although the soil was only two or three feet deep, reposing, wherever it was revealed beneath the surface, on a bed of chalk, yet it was everywhere in a high state of cultivation, and, where left in grass, still beautifully verdant.

Ascending a hill, we came, at the summit, in sight of Rochester, charmingly situated on the Medway, which is here a considerable arm of the sea, navigable for coasting vessels, of which there were a number, with their sails loosed to dry, in the harbour. A fine stone bridge traversed the stream, and above it, on the bank beyond, were seen the crumbling battlements of an ancient Norman castle. Out of the heart of the town rose the tall roof of the cathedral, which is of Gothic construction and of great antiquity. As we crossed the bridge, and rattled down the main street, we passed numbers of the officers in garrison, tall, dashing, well-dressed fellows, who, beset with listlessness, were eying the young women from the various corners and crossing-places, and meditating mischief for others and amusement for themselves. One sea-lieutenant, whose tarnished epaulet and buttons told of poverty and salt water, came rolling down the street with a noble lump of a wife in tow on his arm. It was an illustration of the difference between the soldier and sailor,

and the decided propensity of the last to be caught, especially when he comes ashore after a long cruise, and finds himself, at the sight of the first woman, irresistibly beset by the pleasing idea of having a wife of his own.

At the last relay before reaching Canterbury, there was a curious, though not a very interesting spectacle, at the inn door. Immediately in front of it lay a drunken soldier of the forty-sixth regiment, wallowing in the dirt, and without power to recover his legs. His red coat, and pipe-clayed belts, which bore the marks of recent good keeping, were sadly smeared with mud. In the midst of his abortive efforts to move his body, his tongue ran glibly enough, recounting the history of his regiment, and telling how he was going on furlough. The landlady, being very much scandalized, was very anxious that he should take the benefit of his leave, and set forward immediately, and encouraged, with this motive, a benevolent young rifleman, who was endeavouring to aid him, with the promise, should he succeed, of what

would have made him as glorious as his comrade. One of our passengers, who seemed to be knowing in these matters, called from the top of the coach to give him some mustard. There was something irresistibly ludicrous in the demurrer of the drunken man, who, with a knowing squint, rejected the prescription—"Mustard, eh! mustard! as much liquor as you like, but no mustard!" Meantime, all the village urchins had gathered about, and were looking on observingly. They were dressed in breeches and yarn stockings, or leggings, and had a very old-fashioned look.

After a bad dinner, eaten in a great hurry, at Canterbury, we set forward, and reached Dover at eight o'clock, descending a sufficiently precipitous road, through a ravine, which at this place interrupts the perpendicular character of the lofty cliffs beneath which Dover is situated. Having taken a cup of tea at the inn which the coach stopped at, and which, considered as an English inn, was not particularly good, I strolled forth to look at the

piers, the basin, and whatever else might be discovered in a dark and gusty night.

At five o'clock we were all roused in readiness to take the packet for Calais. Soon after the steward came, with the message that we might make ourselves quiet for a couple of hours, as the tide would not serve until seven. Some of the passengers addressed themselves to the business of getting breakfast, while I set about writing a letter. Suddenly we were told that the packet was casting off, and would be at sea in a moment. "Six shillings and sixpence!" cried the landlord; "Waiter, sir! waiter!"—"Boots, sir! if you please, boots!"—"Please don't forget the chambermaid, sir!" said a pretty, smiling girl, stretching forth her hand, and naked, well-rounded arm.

In other moods, this last might have been a redeeming circumstance; but in the midst of the confusion of collecting effects, attending to those demands which were not to be resisted, as the appellants placed themselves in the road, anxiety to bundle one's self into the steamer,

and apprehensions of being left, it was only an additional annoyance. When I reached the pier, the steamer had swung her bow off, and had given one preparatory snort ere she set herself in motion. A desperate leap carried me on to her quarter, and, on looking round, I was made happy in discovering that my household goods, portmanteau, bag, and hat-case, were all around me. Not so the Anglo-Frenchman, who, ere long, became aware that he had parted company with an enormous chest, which had already occasioned him some annoyance, and which contained, as he said, forty shirts to begin. The youth bore the deprivation with a philosophic placidity, that papa, had he been there, might not have participated in.

In a minute after, we had passed the pier-head, and were at sea in the open Channel. This was an artificial harbour, excavated into the open coast, and when we had passed the tide-light at the pier-head, without prelude of any sort, we commenced rolling forthwith. The wind was strong from the south-west, and the

jib and foresail were set, to help along and steady her; still the motion was short, quick, lurching, and intolerably disagreeable.

The day had not yet dawned; it was squally, with passing rain, and a gale which strengthened each instant as we left the shelter of the coast. Shakspeare's Cliffs, and the opposite eminence crowned by the old Castle of Dover, overhung us for a brief interval, while, in either direction, the frowning and inhospitable coast might be discovered for a short distance through the gloom, while northward were seen two enormous lights, looming out like rival suns, shining portentously through a fog on the banks of Newfoundland.

Presently we discovered a large ship standing for the shore, which was not half a mile distant. One of the sailors re-assured me, however, concerning her position, by telling me that there was no danger while the lights were in sight. The moment they were shut in, it would be time to tack. In a few minutes more the coast, the Cliffs and Castle, had equally disappeared.

Nothing of the land was seen except the two looming lights, and the only other object visible was our little steamer, fretting and plunging through the agitated sea, and emitting a black smoke, more dismal than the frowning clouds above, and which, scattered furiously by the wind, soon hastened to mingle with them.

If the scene without were wild and terrific, that within was ludicrous and disgusting. The passengers, a few minutes before replete with life and activity, and taken up with earnest attention to their effects, were now stretched lifeless, some below, others on deck, heedless of spray or rain, in the presence of a more overwhelming calamity; all, however, whether above or below, were equally provided with basins by fellows whose daily business it seemed to be to distribute them. The provocative to sea-sickness appeared, naturally enough, to be in almost every instance irresistible. The coolness and system with which this thing was done was really chilling; and I fled at each approach of a basin-bearer—offering his commodity as if he

were handing about refreshments—with mortal apprehension.

Among the passengers were many young ladies completely overcome, drifting from side to side, abandoned by their companions, and receiving scant courtesy from the crew, to whom the spectacle was neither novel nor heart-rending. Among the various persons thus sorely discouraged at the outset of their travels, I noticed an immense young lubber, more than six feet high, who was done up in various water-proof caps, cloaks, and comforters, apparently provided for this very emergency. I never saw a more abortive personification of comfort.

A more sentimental and less sick companion of his talked to him in the interval of his own spasms, concerning the picturesque grandeur of the scene, and the wild agitation of the elements. He presently added, as a consolatory salvo—"You are too sick, however, to enjoy fine scenery." The stout lubber, thus taunted, presently picked himself up, and began stum-

bling about in search of the picturesque, on two long and formidable supporters, which would have been doubtless more at home on either side of a hunter. His efforts to stalk about, now grabbing the shrouds, now the funnel, anon a stout woman, adrift like himself, were about as successfully abortive as the movements of a chicken with its head cut off. At last he let go his hold of the screaming woman, gave up the pursuit of the picturesque, and made himself comfortable in the lee scuppers.

A few awful hours, which made up an age of misery, brought us in sight of the French coast, and of a bark which seemed to have a signal of distress up. This very neighbourhood is at this season the yearly scene of many shipwrecks, attended not unfrequently with deplorable loss of life. To our great annoyance the tide was out, and we were obliged to anchor, at the distance of a mile or two from the coast. The town of Calais loomed out through the storm. Two nobly-constructed quays stretched from the port, in which the vessels lay aground, far

seaward. The extremities of these were covered with people, while others wandered along the strand, seeking for whatever remnants of wrecked vessels or ruined cargoes the tide might have left there. A belfry on the end of the quay seemed placed there to ring an alarm, and call for succour, in the event of any signal of distress from seaward.

Ere long a number of stout boats put off to disembark us. Every one, short as had been our voyage, sighed to enjoy the wished-for land as earnestly as the tempest-tossed Æneas. I was anxious to secure a place in the mail, having an object of importance which precluded me from being ceremonious, and therefore dashed in forthwith. Many followed; among them a lady, who, being nearly separated from her party, was dragged in by her companion, while the boatman, pronouncing their boat already overladen, attempted to resist it, she vibrating half overboard on the gunwale. We were a confused heap of passengers and portmanteaus, some of the first as lifeless as the last.

Our stout young fellow, having mustered strength to escape from the scene of his tortures, lay down as dead.

Some young Englishmen, commencing already the business of abuse, which was to be the chief occupation of those travels which they were about to begin, exercised their returning sensibilities in ridiculing our boatmen. Perhaps they did not handle their oars quite so skilfully as Englishmen would have done, and it might, moreover, be objected, that they made more noise than was necessary. To blame them for chatting was to blame them for being Frenchmen. Yet they were cheerful in their toil, which was something, and their shouts were shouts of encouragement. "*Tirez mes enfans! tirez! doublez le point!*" This was not so easily said as done. The tide ran out as furiously as the breakers came in. Though the men on the quay waved to us perpetually, indicating the deepest water, yet we repeatedly grounded astern; our bow would be swept out by the tide, and the broadside coming round to the breakers,

they would come over us most refreshingly for a January day. I had about two barrels full to my share, and it was quite enough to render me comfortably moist.

At length, some men on the beach, prompted by a charitable benevolence, for which I thanked them from the bottom of my heart, bethought themselves to send off a buoy and line to us. This being attached to our bow, we were quickly drawn upon the beach; and a precious draught of drenched and sea-sick sinners it was. As the boat would not come up high and dry, we were obliged to be carried ashore by the fishermen, who waded off to us, two carrying a lady in their locked arms, and one a man, mounted as on horseback. Our young hero of the manifold caps and water-proofs, whether scorning to be carried by a Frenchman, or dreading the imposition which, under circumstances of similar necessity, would have been practised in his own country, or taking counsel of his manhood alone, boldly stepped into the sea, and marched forward with the faith of Peter.

The beach presented a singular scene. The spectacle of wet luggage, and soaked, sea-sick, chop-fallen passengers, was most deplorable. Not one of all the rescued but looked as though he had been recently indebted for resuscitation to the apparatus of the Humane Society. Such shawls, such bonnets, such watered silks, and such dishevelled hair!—above all, such whiskers! A whisker, when in its highest feather, and in all the pomp and pride of pommade, and cire, and of consummate keeping, is assuredly a thing to be admired. But what spectacle is there so deplorable as your drowned—your crest-fallen—your dejected whisker? When I looked round, indeed, on the whiskered faces about me, and remembered my own destitution, I was disposed to feel anything but envious.

The strange people, among whom we had made so undignified an entry, were also in some measure objects of curious attention. The phlegm of the other side of the channel had disappeared in the sail of a few hours. Everything was done with much noise and controversy, ac-

companied by earnest gestures and almost frantic cries. Here, too, the national drollery and sense of ridicule began already to assert itself among these uncultivated fishermen, one of whom, looking at our tall worthy,—who was no less extraordinary on shore than he had proved himself afloat, pronounced thus prematurely a verdict of absurdity, which was sure to be confirmed by the more enlightened judgment of the Boulevards, and the terrace of the Tuileries —"*Qu'il est drôle, ce gros gaillard!*"

There was much to admire in the conduct of the crowd. They were not troublesome, obtrusive of their services, vexatious, or mercenary, and indications of intemperance were nowhere to be seen. The man who carried me on shore, instead of stipulating for half-a-guinea, when midway from the boat to land, under penalty of depositing me, could not be found soon after to receive his compensation. The *Douaniers*, though firm and dignified, incapable of any low and vulgar truckling, or accessibility to bribery, were yet most civil and obliging, yield-

ing their personal aid in protecting and transporting the luggage to the custom-house. Every functionary vied in courtesy; so that when I had been to the post-office to secure my place in the Malle, I traversed the ancient Place d'armes of this famous old city, and entered the Hotel Quillacq with a cheerfulness and *gaieté de cœur* to which I had long been a stranger.

The inn was an extensive quadrangle, with a porte cochère and an open courtyard. At one side was the remise, well filled with britschkas and travelling-carriages. A chariot, covered with a profusion of boxes, hat-cases, and leathern conveniences, was drawn up at the foot of the principal stairway, and Quillacq in person had just closed the door upon some people of rank who had that moment entered. Two postillions, each conducting a pair of stout, stubborn, serviceable-looking horses, and whose gaiety, in sympathy with their lively livery, seemed in the inverse ratio of the heaviness of their boots, now cracked their whips and set forward with

many shouts. Quillacq bowed low, and the great personages having departed, made room for the humbler to take their place.

My room was neatly and tastefully furnished, and the French bed had a very tempting look to one long cut off from its comforts. But there were other and more interesting cares. It was past noon, and as yet I had not eaten; so, changing my dress, I descended without unnecessary loss of time to the coffee-room. It was quite plain and uncarpeted; a wood fire burned in a Franklin-stove at the farther corner; the chairs were of the simplest form; a few engravings ornamented the walls; while through frequent windows on street or court-yard, God's light streamed in, in untaxed abundance.

I rang the bell with a hasty and energetic jerk, suited to convey the idea of a hungry man. "Voilà, Monsieur!" said the waiter, overflowing with alacrity. I set forth the nature and urgency of my wants with sober truth and earnestness, and with the eloquence

that was in my feelings, and which, ere long, was productive of comfortable results. Meantime, I meditated upon the land which I had left, and that in which I had arrived. It is impossible to deny that in many of the nobler points of character, the English greatly excel their more mecurial neighbours. Without assuming their alleged superiority in one particular, intimately connected with the well-being of society,—namely, female virtue,—there are many others in which their advantage is undoubted. In the matter of patriotism and public probity, for instance, where would you look in France for such a man as Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, and where for individuals or parties capable of appreciating him? A man who, endowed simply with good plain sense, and right judgment seeking its dictates in the counselling of an honest heart, possessing no superiority of genius, and unaided by any power of eloquence, was yet able creditably to fill the station which a Pitt and a Fox had illustrated by the brilliancy of their talents, and

to carry with him on all occasions a weight, an influence, and an adhesion such as his illustrious predecessors could not often command, —a man whose sole power consisted in the unbounded confidence yielded by his countrymen to the rectitude of his intentions and the probity of his character.

Such a man in a French Chamber would have been a *ganache* and a *farçeur*, or at best a pauvre homme. There, on the contrary, the high places are filled by men of brilliant genius, subtle in intrigue, and expert in delusion. If you compare Lord Althorp with Thiers, you have a just measure of the value attached to public virtue and integrity in the two countries; the first such as we have described him; the second sacrificing everything and everybody to his own advancement, and immoveably strong in the possession of office, at a time when he was suspected of having used the political knowledge conferred by his station, and the secrets of the telegraph, for stock-jobbing purposes and the rearing of his own fortune. Whether the accu-

sation were true or false is of no importance. It shews that the thing was possible and susceptible of belief; the suspicion alone in England would have driven a public man into infamous and irrecoverable retreat. One circumstance alone is sufficient to give the measure of political honour and public probity in France,—the fact that Frenchmen have been capable of believing in the base and mercenary peculation of a king, whom, by a spontaneous feeling, they chose to reign over them as the mirror of every princely virtue. The confidence which an honourable man must feel in his own integrity will ever make him slow to doubt the integrity of others.

If, however, the better classes in England excel those which correspond in France, in many noble virtues essential to the stability and happiness of a state, the comparison ceases to be advantageous as you descend to the inferior conditions of life. In France the lower classes are found to be sober, honest, civil, courteous, actuated by a genuine sense of politeness, instead of being characterized by every vicious propen-

sity, and taking pleasure in the exhibition of a gratuitous brutality. The reason of this difference is obvious enough. Regenerated by their revolution, relieved from the odious distinctions and the oppressive burdens by which they were degraded and crushed, the French have won for themselves that equality which, as it is the dearest want, is also the most ennobling attribute of our nature.

In addition to the pervading courtesy of the lower classes, there are other circumstances which not a little contribute to make the condition of the passing stranger pleasing in France. It is the amiable philosophy of the land to enjoy each passing moment; to make the most of every means of gratification that accident scatters in the way; to contribute to the pleasure of those whom chance casts, however momentarily, beside one, as a means of promoting one's own. Hence, in entering a French diligence, or taking one's seat at a table d'hôte, instead of forbidding frowns, or at best a silence eloquent of illnature, one is greeted by

kind words and smiles, and delighted by the amiable attention to those little courtesies and trifling kindnesses which, however inconsiderable in themselves, contribute, in no slight degree, to make up the happiness of life.

But one of the most pleasing contrasts is in the matter of meals. Every thing that this important subject embraces in France is civilized and unexceptionable: the hours everywhere uniform, and neither too early nor too late; instead of the seclusion of one's separate corner, the social feeling, and the well-bred conviviality of the common table; the solitary beefsteak, with its attendant potatoes, replaced by the abundant variety which results from the spirit of combination; but, above all, the stupid roast and boiled, the miserable turnips and the cabbage, substituted by the noblest triumphs of our modern civilization, the triumphs of the French kitchen. Where, in England, could my complacent eyes have reposed upon such tempting mutton cutlets, such a dainty omelette, such rich café au lait, as now greeted my delighted vision in the Hotel

Quillacq? But perhaps the most eloquent eulogium that one can pass on a charming breakfast is to do justice to its attractions fork in hand. Besides, it is past twelve; we have been up and toiling all day, exposed to the peltings of the pitiless storm, and moistened with salt water as well as fresh. With your leave, therefore, kind reader, let us say, adieu!

In conclusion, it may be proper here to state, that the writer returned to England, some months subsequent to the period to which the foregoing pages refer; that he travelled, with far greater gratification than on his previous visit, extensively over the United Kingdom, keeping notes of whatever he saw; the very extent of which might, had not this essay already satisfied him, alone deter him from the task of preparing them for the press, though relating simply to matters that came under his observation as an ordinary traveller, and not in any instance to dinners, balls, or drawing-rooms, or

any scenes of a private nature, to which the courtesy and kindness of those to whom he became known procured him admission.

He would not wish to relieve himself of the debt of gratitude thus imposed upon him by so cheap a recognition, and his vanity is not of the sort to be gratified by the accidental association of illustrious names. Yet he cannot help regretting that his sense of propriety, and of what is due to the privacy of families whose hospitality submitted them to his observation,—and which, from being elevated, are not therefore excluded from the claims to remain sacred from being dragged into public exhibition, to gratify the small pride of a book-maker, or the prurient curiosity of such as may seek to become well-br- by external imitation rather than by cherishing elevation and nobleness of sentiment within themselves,—should prevent him from drawing pictures of domestic life, alike creditable to the individuals and the country to which they belong, and of a state of society characterized by intelligence and refinement, though chiefly

known among us through the blackened and perverted caricatures of writers, who have ascribed the vices of a few individuals to a whole class, and affixed to characters intended as portraits, the unnatural and distorted sentiments that are peculiar to themselves.

Believing, however, that the popular manners of Ireland furnish a theme for amusing description, and that the mode of writing adopted in this work on England might be applied more advantageously in describing the sister kingdom, the writer will at least promise himself to prepare for publication the account of his travels in that country.

THE END.

Printed by T. C. Savill, (late Harjette & Savill,)
St. Martin's Lane, Charing Cross.

00084018

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 July, 2018